Dissent and Disorder *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — May 15, 1971, 50 cents

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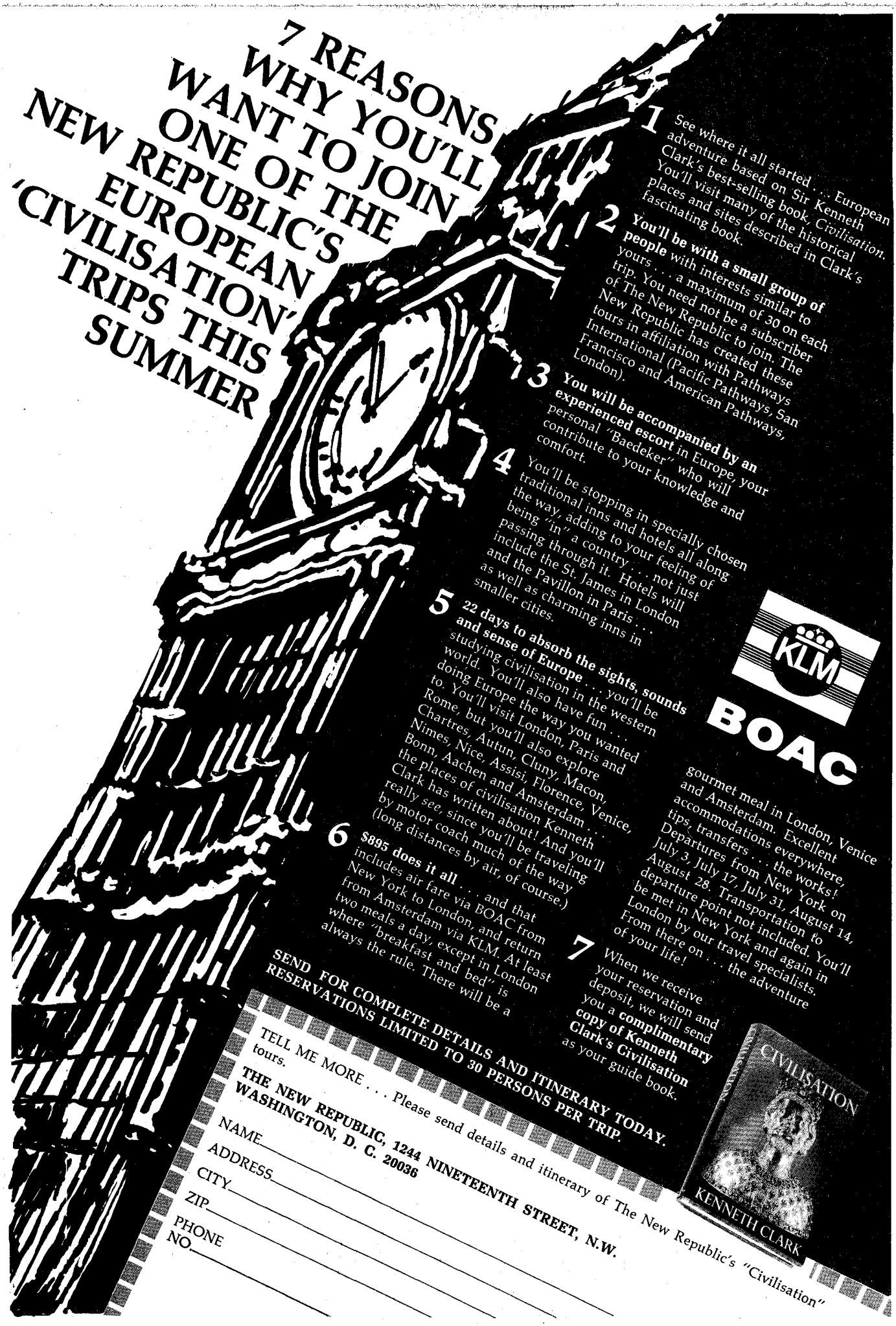

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TRB

from Washington ®

Back to Normal

Washington snaps back quickly. Just last week this lovely city was in the throes of antiwar disturbances but now government has turned again, in the high tide of spring, to the serious business of passing out favors to special groups.

Before leaving the disturbances, however, let's give them a word. The longhairs were right in one respect; they were out to provoke people and they knew that blocking city traffic is the one unforgivable sin. It's all right for the suburbs to blockade the city. They can throw up Berlin walls that block busing and the bursting ghetto and the city tax collector. But that is an invisible blockade, not physical. The right of the suburbanite to drive into the bankrupt city, at the town's expense, is universally respected. So everyone denounced the longhairs and their disturbance which, fortunately, was handled with minimum violence by a well-trained police and Chief Jerry Wilson. (It takes a Mayor Daley of Chicago or an Ohio Kent State National Guard to squeeze the real blood out of a situation like this.)

We cherish two small memories: First, the four mounted park police standing guard on the sidewalk before the White House, across from the equestrian statue of caracoling Gen. Jackson. They were wearing riot helmets. (The police, not the horses.) The plexiglass visors were extended straight out, exactly like King Arthur taking a last look at the joust before setting his lance and snapping down his lid.

The other incident was that of a friend who came to town inappropriately with his long-haired Princeton son. College and street youths are as indistinguishable today as Chinese peasants. Every cop glared. The alarmed parent finally took his son into the exclusive Metropolitan Club (or anyway, that's the story).

Most people think the antiwar affair was counterproductive. We disagree (but could be wrong). We are fighting a wicked war, and the public has so decided. Last week's Harris poll showed an extraordinary tide of revulsion: Was Laos a "failure"? "Yes," 45 to 24. Is it "morally wrong" to be fighting in Vietnam? "Yes," 58 to 29.

That's the poll. Why don't we quit? Because we must help Mr. Nixon find a tactful way out that will spare him (and us) embarrassment. To you and me the sacrifice of a few thousand young men's lives for that object is, of course, wholly justified. To the Crazies it's nonsense.

Anyway, Washington has got back to normal again, doling out its goodies. Let us note a few. Farm subsidies, for example. In a just published study by economist Charles Schultze (budget director, 1965-68), he figures that the total annual cost of present farm subsidies is $9 to $10 billion. (Brookings; $1; 1971.) To give you an idea of the size, the comparative cost of *all* welfare programs – federal, state and local, including Medicaid – is about the same. And these farm subsidies, Schultze sadly concludes, primarily help the big, rich farmers; the vastly more numerous small, struggling farmers, he says, "are helped relatively little." Well, that's Washington for you.

Then there is Lockheed. We sympathize deeply with the unfortunate 15,000-30,000 highly skilled workers, let alone the banks that have the company in hock. The White House asks Congress for a government guaranty of a quarter-billion-dollar loan to bail Lockheed out. Some congressmen have asked sums of a similar order for the 5 million or more people now unemployed, but that would lower their self-respect. It could reduce the dignity of "scrubbing floors or emptying bedpans."

Another proposed subsidy is $3 billion tax relief to industry in the form of depreciation write-off three or four times faster than now. Its purpose is to stimulate economic recovery, and who can quarrel with that? When the Administration first dreamed up the idea, it tried it out on a Treasury tax man who said it was unconstitutional; Congress, not the President, he said, writes tax law. Poor chap; he was just a deputy assistant secretary; he changed his mind quickly when he got the word. Somehow Ed Muskie got hold of the confidential memo and objected, but Mr. Nixon said he was opposing a "program that's going to mean more jobs for Americans – peacetime jobs rather than wartime jobs." Only somebody politically motivated would do that, he said.

The Washington faucet isn't just turned on for corporations; it's not all that materialistic. Church-affiliated schools have run into a crisis; parochial school attendance has dropped 20 percent in five years. Mr. Nixon appointed a Commission on School Finance, explaining (April, 1970) that "while the panel deliberates nonpublic schools are closing at the rate of one a day." Now the panel has come in with a report and says "some measure of public revenue support for nonpublic pupils is urgently needed." The cost isn't given. Nonpublic schools lighten some of the municipal burden so perhaps they should get tax money. While we decide whether it's constitutional we can admire the panel, which has written a report on parochial schools without once using the sensitive word.

Washington is where who-gets-what is decided. Oddly enough, in one case, Penn Central, Congress refused to bail it out. Now Rep. Wright Patman is exploring an interesting sequel: how did David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank have the prescience to sell its 286,000 Penn Central shares just before the bottom fell out? It suddenly sold around $14 on a market that plunged to $6.50. By coincidence Penn Central's chairman was a director of Chase. Was there a hint? Was it legal? Rockefeller says it was just good judgment; "clairvoyance," says the astonished Patman, who demands more information. According to Richard Barber (*The American Corporation*; $7.95, Dutton) Chase and the nation's 49 biggest banks hold half of the country's total bank assets, and they have directors on 300 of the nation's 500 biggest corporations. It's a cozy power concentration at the top where the word gets around, and where the government is expected to cooperate – saving the Post Office by making it a private corporation and saving the railroads by making them a public corporation (Amtrak), and bolstering free enterprise with generous subsidies.

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Dissent And Disorder

Jefferson thought that "a little rebellion, now and then, is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical." The rebellion in Washington last week blew up no storm and left few traces, other than in the minds of participants and observers. The effect on the participants was no doubt to radicalize them further. The effect on observers was less predictable. What Washingtonians saw was their own children, as they are or may become; a free-wheeling multitude with its own music, manners, dress; an assembly indifferent to racial, sexual or linguistic taboos – unacquisitive, friendly, generous. They saw also movement "veterans" for whom the making of a new society is an all-consuming commitment, who believe that desperate times call for desperate acts, and who scorn the proprieties and the civilities that make a community out of a miscellany.

The demonstrators of the Mayday Tribe, unlike the marchers of a week earlier, had come to shut down the government, because the government has not shut down the war in Indochina. No fire bombs were thrown, no shots fired; they aimed to disrupt, not destroy. They placed barriers, sometimes themselves, on the roads; they tried to block access to the center city; they sought to take the streets from the people (to whom the streets belong). For a few hours on Monday, May 3, the people were inconvenienced, but that is all. It was a spectacle, even a relief from the boredom of bureaucracy and of Nixon's Washington. But as has happened before, the rhetoric went beyond the capacity to command. Congress isn't unreceptive to petitions for the redress of grievances, but it doesn't like to be physically threatened. Over 10,000 of the demonstrators were dispersed by a well-equipped, disciplined counter-force, picked off the streets and detained for a day or two. In some instances the police used clubs against unresisting youngsters, failed to serve notice of intent to arrest and hustled bystanders into paddy wagons. But this was no Kent State or Mayor Daley's Chicago.

In the past few years, it has been the campuses which have had to contend most often and most painfully with intimidation and mass actions designed to bring institutions to a halt. But we have not heretofore seen as clearly as we saw in Washington last week that the revolutionary mood is not a passing fancy and not confined to

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any one or two sections of the country. It is not spoken for by a highly structured organization, such as the Communist Party of the thirties, but it is organized nonetheless. This revolutionary consciousness has been whetted by the war in Vietnam, but it would exist though the President were to announce the complete withdrawal of US troops by the end of the month. In one sense, therefore, Indochina was irrelevant to the Mayday Tribe's intrusion. The crusades of the sixties against racial inequality and an imperialist war, against desecration of the environment or the degradation of poverty, have been transformed by many young Americans in the seventies into a movement which categorically repudiates "bourgeois society" and the procedures by which it regulates its affairs. Since the revolutionaries are convinced that it is the system which must go, and not simply one or two manifestations of the system's evil, they must perforce be willing to operate outside the law, to discredit its authority and thereby prepare the way for more preferred rules and rulers.

A comparable conviction possessed the mob which gathered in Oxford, Mississippi in 1962, determined that the only way to thwart integrated education was to defy authority itself. The mob could not get at the Supreme Court, for the Court is more insulated from popular pressure than even the legislators. So Mississippians took to the streets, fought to block access to the University, and failed – because the system dispatched the National Guard and federal marshals and the 503rd military police battalion to Oxford. There were two deaths, 50-70 were injured, but law and order were maintained. Then as now, we are obliged to decide whether the law of the courts and the legislators, or the law of the street is to prevail, and that is a judgment that must be made irrespective of the intentions or sincerity of those who challenge the claims of constituted authority.

There were, of course, other and more effective demonstrations in the South in the sixties, most of them led by Martin Luther King. There were freedom rides, lunch counter sit-ins, marches on Birmingham and Washington. Were these not cut from the same cloth as the shut-down-the-government activities of the Mayday Tribe? They were not. Martin Luther King's dream did not include demolition of the system, but its fulfillment. The civil rights movement was scrupulously respectful of persons and their right of movement. It was Gandhian in inspiration and tactics, organized by blacks who had been unlawfully and unjustly excluded from full citizenship, who were demanding their legitimate part in the democratic process. The civil rights movement put no nails, trash or bricks on streets, no cars with slashed tires; nor did it march on Congress demanding unconditional surrender. Martin Luther King was no revolutionary.

How justified are the young revolutionaries in their assumptions about our system and the cumbersome ways by which it adjudicates between conflicting interests? One's answer depends on whether one believes the society has become so unworkable, so repressive, so corrupt that it must be junked. If so, the justification for taking the law into one's own hands is self-evident. If not, not. This journal has too often criticized the negligence, the timidity, the unresponsiveness of government to human needs, too often attacked the government's complicity in the abomination of Vietnam to take any complacent view of our institutions. But we have seen little to attract us in other societies where revolution has substituted new miseries for old, and on the other side, we have seen enough progress in America to conclude that whatever it is, the system is not sterile.

The rationale of revolutionaries boils down to this: I know I am right; that knowledge overrides all else; I have been unable to get my views accepted; I will therefore try to get rid of the system that rejects them. That view seems to us too narrow, too unobliging, too self-centered and self-righteous. To grant that revolutionaries are doing what they believe is necessary is not to grant them a certificate for right conduct. And as a footnote, one must add that some who gathered in Washington paradoxically expected "the system" to protect their rights (to bail, to show cause for arrests) and were indignant when it did not, thus simultaneously denying the benefits of the legal order and demanding them.

The answer to the question of whether society is justified in defending itself is simpler. It *will* defend itself. Most Americans today, given a choice between the frying pan they know and the fire they fear, will choose the former. But no sensible society will choose to defend itself by means that are disproportionate to the threat. The nation's capital was not and is not endangered by revolution. Civil liberties need not be surrendered, and to surrender them would be to undermine the foundations of society. Prudence requires doing the least necessary to keep order.

But the restrained use of police power, the exercise of authority consistent with dangers faced are not the only, and not the most urgent, government responsibility at this moment. A crisis of confidence in the integrity, wisdom and compassion of American leadership is deepening. That is the meaning of the Washington disturbances, and the why's of that are what the men in power should be pondering.

COMING: "The Military Life"—
A soldier's experience with
the Army

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Boyle's Law

A federal judge in Washington ruled late last month that the United Mine Workers of America, the union's welfare and retirement fund, and the union-controlled National Bank of Washington have conspired for the past 20 years to deprive benefits to some 70,000 miners and widows. The basic conspiracy, the judge said, involved an "excessive accumulation" of large cash deposits by the pension fund in non-interest bearing checking accounts at the bank. Although the exact amount of the damages will be determined later, it is expected to run into the millions. All mine union and welfare fund deposits in the bank – which have run as high as $75 million, or 30 percent of total assets – must be withdrawn by June 30. Also by that date, two of the three pension fund trustees must resign: Josephine Roche, and the heretofore omnipotent UMW president, W. A. (Tony) Boyle.

Boyle's sympathizers say he didn't create the problem, that it really goes back to the days of UMW founder John L. Lewis. It was Lewis's dictatorial control over the welfare and retirement fund, they claim, that set the trend for Boyle. What Boyle's men fail to point out, however, is his particularly cynical use of the Lewis legacy. To get the votes of union pensioners, Boyle pushed through a benefit increase right in the middle of the 1969 union election campaign; he duped the industry trustee on the pension board into believing that he (Boyle) already had the vote of the so-called "independent" trustee, the 84-year-old Miss Roche, who later admitted in court that she would have voted against the increase.

The credit for the sweeping decision against Boyle and his cronies must go to the followers of Joseph A. (Jock) Yablonski, who unsuccessfully challenged Boyle for the presidency and who was later found murdered with his wife and daughter in their Pennsylvania farmhouse. Led by Yablonski's lawyer sons, Joseph ("Chip") and Kenneth, the reform miners have been exposing the misdeeds of union officials right and left. But they still have two big cases to go. One involves alleged financial and election wrongdoing by Boyle and his men, the other challenges the union president's power to pick officers for nearly all union locals instead of permitting free elections.

Indivisible China

Contrary to the impression given by Administration sources, dutifully amplified by their ostensible nemesis – the mass media – the report just released by Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's blue ribbon commission on the United Nations takes a hard-line position on the China question. It states that "under no circumstances [should the US] agree to the exclusion from the UN of the Republic of China on Taiwan, but seek agreement as early as practicable whereby the People's Republic of China might accept the principles of the charter and be represented in the organization." The report thus echoes King Solomon's judgment, but without his wise understanding of its impracticality: "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other."

A two-China policy is a no-China policy. It does not open the door to representation of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations, but endeavors to bolt it. So long as Taiwan is accepted, even if it is only in the General Assembly, as "China," the real China will remain outside the UN. There is no evidence that Peking will modify its claim to being the sole representative of the Chinese people, and it is strengthened in that claim by the fact that eight countries have recognized Peking since last fall's 51-49 UN vote to expel Taipei. The Nixon administration wants it both ways but can't have it. If it wants, as Secretary Rogers insists it does, not only a "new page" but a "new chapter" in our relations with China, if it wants China to join the "family of nations," it will have to put aside the fiction there are two Chinas.

The Pension Elite

Economic growth and industrial expansion of past decades have left the aged behind. In 1968, while the number of Americans *under* 65 who lived in poverty declined by about 1.3 million, the aged thus afflicted increased by 200,000. Social security benefits don't provide adequate replacement of earnings in retirement. The replacement rate is about 30 percent for a single male worker with average earnings and about 40 percent for a couple receiving the supplementary spouse benefit. So if he is to live in reasonable comfort after retirement, the individual has to add to his social security from individual savings (including private pension plans).

After World War II, private pension plans proliferated like new breakfast cereals. Private wage and salary workers covered by plans have risen to more than 28 million, or a little less than 50 percent of all workers in private industry. More significant, private pension eligibility requirements (vesting) and benefit levels continue to be liberalized significantly. Lately, however, the expansion of coverage has slowed down.

For many workers who are covered and who are able to meet the various eligibility requirements, private pensions are helpful on retirement. Thus, whereas

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56 percent of couples receiving *only* social security old-age benefits in 1967 had total income below $3000, less than 20 percent of couples with "two pensions" had income that low. In recent testimony before the Senate Special Committee on Aging, private pension actuary Edwin Shields Hewitt argued that "if the historical pattern of 'follow the leader' in [private] pension matters continues, we can expect many more plans to be generating income that will supplement social security at 70 percent levels within the next few years. . . ." For example, the auto industry provides many retiring workers with enough from the company pension and from social security to replace about 70 percent of disposable earnings for an unmarried worker and close to 80 percent for married workers. Similarly Standard Oil of New Jersey supplements social security to provide up to 80 percent. And the Central States Teamsters have a retirement plan which provides close to 100 percent of earnings for certain workers who have at least 20 years past service.

The upshot of all this is that we are developing a *pension elite* for whom most of the economic burdens of old age will be lifted (unless they need long term medical or nursing, and that is another, sadder subject). At the same time, unless something major is done, the majority of workers will be excluded from that elite. Only about half the workers in private industry are now covered by a private pension plan. Of those, many are employed not by the pension *leaders* but by the *followers* with low benefits, high vesting requirements, poor survivor benefits, and/or no opportunity to carry their pension rights with them when they move. Many workers now covered by private plans will fail to draw full or any benefits because of job turnover or default in the fulfillment of these plans. Preliminary findings, just announced by Senators Harrison Williams and Jacob Javits, of a Senate study into pension losses tend to confirm that millions of US workers in years past have left or lost jobs before accumulating any pension rights.

President Nixon's Task Force on the Aging has recommended the establishment of an independent pension commission to design a portable voluntary pension system as a companion to social security. But why does the Congress have to wait for the recommendations of still another task force? Why could it not now create a *supplemental* social security retirement pension? Workers could then become eligible for increased benefits through additional employer-employee contributions over their work life. Credits could be recorded automatically as are current contributions (and hence would be completely portable); automatic adjustments taking changing price levels or widow benefits into account could be introduced. Congress could require that all workers at the time of their hiring choose between joining this supplemental social security system, or joining the employer and/or union sponsored private pension plan – if one exists. Millions of workers employed in firms without private pension plans would benefit, as would workers employed by firms with private pensions, since these firms would have to compete with the supplemental system and provide a plan at least as good.

James H. Schulz

MR. SCHULZ *teaches in the graduate school for advanced studies in social welfare, Brandeis University.*

City Hall

Philadelphia

The City of Brotherly Love has all the problems of the other major cities – crime, urban decay, unemployment – *plus*. The plus is "Mr. Supercop" – Frank Rizzo, former police commissioner who is running for the Democratic nomination for mayor in the May 18 primary. When Rizzo led a police dragnet of Black Panther centers in Philadelphia, he said: "If we let idiots like this survive under our form of government, maybe we'll have to change it." After stripping the Panthers naked in the streets, he challenged them to a shoot out. He's a man who expects people to live up to his standards, and God help them if they don't.

But for all his "efficient" techniques and huge expenditures on police equipment, the crime rate rose in Philadelphia last year by 23.4 percent, equal to four times the national average for cities over 250,000. One reason is Rizzo's priorities. Last year, for example, $400,000 of city funds originally allocated for gang control were rerouted by Rizzo with the help of Mayor Tate into police overtime and the purchase of full-sized, armored police buses. Another reason is that organized crime has rarely come under large-scale police attack, Rizzo preferring to concentrate on blacks, students, and small fry criminals.

Rizzo is the strong, silent type. He won't answer questions for the press or other media on most issues (except law and order), won't talk to any but the most favorable audiences, won't debate or even appear with any of his opponents. All in all, he wouldn't seem to be much of a choice for mayor, if he didn't have the full backing of the Democratic City Committee and the machine of incumbent mayor Jim Tate.

Rizzo's supporters are loud and willing to post a campaign sign on anything that stands or moves. Yet he isn't unbeatable. His candidacy is laboring under the burden of Tate's unpopular regime, and while the machine hasn't collapsed, it's beginning to sag under its own ineptness and the attacks of three liberal

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Democratic challengers. If Rizzo wins the primary, it is generally conceded that he will destroy the Democratic Party in Philadelphia for the next few years, and may even affect the chances of the Democratic presidential candidate in '72. (Pennsylvania's 32 electoral votes depend largely on vote margins won in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.)

The leading challenger of "supercop" is Rep. Bill Green, whose popularity has grown. Green served as Democratic city committee chairman until the ward leaders refused to accept Green's plans for modernizing the party structure. The young congressman (32) has built an organization which rivals that of the regular city committees in many parts of Philadelphia. His 100 percent ADA voting record has not prevented Green from winning middle-class support.

The black candidate, Hardy Williams, has so far been unable to draw the large response from blacks on which his hopes were based. He works under the stigma of having voted against the reforms suggested by Green, which would have created more opportunities for blacks to gain a foothold in the Democratic Party. The other candidate with solid credentials is David Cohen, a city councilman and author of one of the strongest city air-pollution bills in the country. His main handicap is his lack of widespread voter recognition. Perhaps Philadelphia's problem is not so much Frank Rizzo as the abundance of challengers. The split of a very few liberal votes to either Cohen or Williams could tip the balance in favor of Rizzo and against Green.

Besides claiming there is no drug problem in Philadelphia (drug deaths in the city have steadily risen to 37 times the number 5 years ago), Rizzo says that organized crime is not involved in drugs. He has come out against more training for police. He got very bad publicity when he refused to respond to a set of questions posed by one of the city's three largest newspapers, and the paper ran a long blank column on its front page next to the other candidates' answers.

Green, on the other hand, is doing his best to prevent a result similar to the New York senatorial race that elected James Buckley. A large telephone canvass of every registered Democrat in the city, backed by computer data, favorable media, and positive personal appearances have so far put Green ahead of the other two liberals, and about even with Rizzo.

The large undecided vote (about 20 percent) is the key, and Rizzo's campaign staff, realizing his limited direct appeal to the undecideds, is telling black ward leaders that if they can't get their constituents to vote for Rizzo, make sure they vote for Williams in order to take votes away from Green. Big money is flowing in and out of the Rizzo campaign.

Robert Mulligan, Jr.

MR. MULLIGAN *is a law student at Temple University.*

The Nixon Watch

Reagan's Welfare Deal

After a conference at San Clemente on April 2 with his rival for the presidency in 1968, Governor Ronald Reagan of California, Mr. Nixon walked out of the western White House with Reagan and HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson and said that he and they had "just completed one of the most constructive meetings on the problem of welfare reform that I have attended." At their "summit conference on welfare reform," the President said, he and Reagan had found "many areas of agreement" and had established to their mutual satisfaction that "major details" of the governor's proposals to tighten restrictions and cut the costs of welfare in California "can be implemented without being in violation or contrary to the federal regulations or federal law." Mr. Nixon said twice that he and his guest were working together "toward a common goal" and then left the governor and the secretary to answer the questions of reporters.

The occasion reeked of a deal. Reagan and Richardson showed by their manifest embarrassment that they knew the reporters knew that it did, and events since then have made the nature of the deal very plain. The same events indicate that the President is getting the short end of his bargain with the governor. In return for a qualified and deceptive profession of support for Nixon's national welfare program, Reagan has what amounts to the President's guarantee, in advance of the review on the merits that is supposed to precede federal approval of the kind of changes intended in California, that the most important of the changes will be approved because the President wants them approved. The required review is proceeding at HEW, with a show of independence granted to Secretary Richardson by the President and by Richardson to the concerned subordinates. Reagan's welfare officials in Sacramento are aflutter with alarm that some of his proposals may not be approved in the submitted forms, and the Democrats who control the legislature are using this possibility as an excuse to oppose necessary changes in state laws.

But there is an aura of farce over the whole performance. It is being conducted in Washington in what has come to be the classic Nixon fashion, and it is not a pretty thing to watch. Elliot Richardson, who personifies all there is of personal and official integrity in the Nixon administration, let himself be committed ahead of the factual review to the proposition that there was "really no problem" with 38 of the 66 Reagan proposals and that most of the ones that do present some difficulty entail "no significant problem" because "they are consistent with the Administration's own welfare proposals." The President

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leaves the details of following the HEW review to his assistant for domestic affairs, John Ehrlichman, who in turn leaves them to two of his principal deputies, Edward L. Morgan and Edwin L. Harper. Morgan and Harper gave a Reagan welfare team a hearing at the White House several weeks ago. Ehrlichman, Morgan and Harper require only that the reviewing officials at HEW "keep them informed," which is a Nixon euphemism for the understood rule that the department officials are not to make a move before they check with the White House staff. There have been two meetings in Sacramento and two in Washington between HEW officials and their state counterparts. Reagan spelled out his proposals on March 3 in a lengthy message to the legislature, with explicit references to the key changes that neither he nor the legislature can put into effect until and unless HEW waives the federal laws and regulations that ordinarily prohibit the intended practices. Yet Secretary Richardson does his best to duck press inquiries. His subordinates pretend that they can't really know what the major Reagan proposals are and decide what to do about them until formal requests for the necessary waivers are submitted. There is something to that claim. But the protective emphasis and reliance placed upon it suggest that the secretary and his people are troubled by their part in the business and wish it could be left to the President and his assistants.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the President is merely trying with his end of the deal to keep Reagan off his back in 1972 and that Reagan is merely trying to curry favor with the middle Americans in California and elsewhere who respond favorably to his (and Nixon's) continual intimations that most people who go on welfare are willful bums. The President and the Governor do have "a common goal," it is a goal that has to be taken seriously, and Nixon and Reagan are quite correct when they say that their national and state proposals for "welfare reform" fit nicely in many respects. The goal is to halt the rise in welfare rolls and to bring the costs of welfare under control. Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, who is usually thought to be the Republican opposite of Ronald Reagan, shares the goal and has just persuaded his legislature to enact several changes aimed at attaining it. In order to implement the changes, he is asking HEW for federal waivers similar to some of the ones that Reagan needs. Rockefeller is said to have been somewhat abashed when the President recently bracketed him with Reagan and thanked them "for biting a bullet the entire country is going to have to bite." There are large differences between the Reagan approach and the more humane Rockefeller approach. But the two governors have a tacit understanding that they are working toward the same end, Rockefeller pressing for more federal money to pay the costs while Reagan presses for changes to reduce the costs, and neither could have been greatly surprised when Mr. Nixon commended both of them "for their efforts in this area."

One of Reagan's changes would cast out a requirement that state and local governments, in determining eligibility for welfare, exclude $30 for work expenses and one third of an applicant's earned income from the base that governs the decision whether he or she is entitled to help. Another Reagan proposal would eliminate most of the additional allowances for the expenses of working that, in proclaimed Nixon doctrine, constitute a valued incentive to get people "off the welfare rolls and onto payrolls." Others – these are only representative samples – would sharply reduce the cash and property reserves that welfare recipients may keep against emergency need or for personal use; impose a flat and greatly reduced ceiling upon the amount that a welfare recipient may earn without total disqualification; and require employable adults to labor at made-work "public assistance jobs" for the equivalent of their welfare payment if they are found unfit for available private or government jobs at regular wages. A related proposal, approved in principle by HEW, would require welfare and other beneficiaries of federally supported state medical aid to pay token charges in order to discourage the demand for publicly provided medical services.

Underlying practically all of the Reagan proposals, and pervading the language in which he presents them, is the attitude that people on welfare simply should not enjoy the amenities that non-welfare people enjoy. Reagan promises higher rather than reduced benefits for "the truly needy" and statistically supports the claim that his program would have that effect. His definition of "the truly needy" is extremely harsh and narrow. It goes as far as he evidently thinks the federal government will allow toward excluding those who can or do work for pay, at wages near or below the sparse federal and state standards of need. The prior assurances that Reagan has wrung from the Administration do not absolutely guarantee that all of his changes will be approved to the extent and in exactly the way he asks. But HEW officials acknowledge in a tone of distinct discomfort that the secretary is authorized to approve most of them, including the ones that on their face stretch the law to its outer limits.

There is a certain satisfaction to be had from watching Richard Nixon being taken by Ronald Reagan and it is just possible that the President may derive a needed lesson from the experience. He is committed to approving the "major details" of the Reagan program. Reagan is committed to nothing. For all of his talk about cooperating with Mr. Nixon in getting "welfare reform at the national level," Reagan remains adamant in his opposition to a guaranteed federal floor under the incomes of dependent families and to the inclusion

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as a matter of national policy of underpaid "working poor" among those who are eligible for federal and state welfare support. Without these elements, the Nixon program would be as harsh and inhuman as the Reagan "reform" is in its worst aspects.

John Osborne

$6 Billion Robbery

The Trouble With Property Taxes

Senator Muskie's Intergovernmental Relations Committee will shortly begin hearings on property taxes. Muskie told the US Conference of Mayors recently that he wanted to shift the tax burden from regressive taxes on property (and sales) to progressive income taxes. The idea is not new, but evidence that property taxes are inequitable and are reaching intolerable levels for many middle-income homeowners, shopkeepers, and older people on fixed incomes, is mounting.

At a property tax conference in Washington last December, Muskie laid out the problem: "Property taxes provide at least 40 percent of all state and local government revenues; they are assessed by some 70,000 local government units; they generate more than $33 billion a year," which, he noted, is second only to federal income taxes and social security taxes as a revenue producer. Property taxes finance 54 percent of local government costs for education, 41 percent of their costs for health care and 30 percent of their costs for welfare. In all, Muskie said, "It is the basic revenue source of two-thirds of our cities' expenditures." Lest it appear that the property tax is doing the job, Muskie cited an estimate by Ralph Nader that unfair assessments of business and industrial properties are robbing the public of $6 billion a year, and these are "moneys that could be used to support improved health care facilities, a greater housing supply, better elementary and secondary school facilities, more effective law enforcement and cleaner air and water." A few examples underscore his point.

Maryland gives tax breaks to farmers to encourage agriculture, at the same time the federal government subsidizes them to control crop production. Some of the "farmers" are millionaires whose interests are in a different kind of cabbage than that grown on the farm. According to a *Washington Post* study, the father of Lt. Gov. Blair Lee III, a wealthy real estate dealer, owns 20 such farms in the state; he received nearly $30,000 in federal farm subsidies on his Montgomery County farms alone in 1969. Montgomery County delegates to the state legislature tried to end this abusive practice, claiming that the county loses $10 million annually to "farmer-developers," but their bill was killed in the Assembly.

Montgomery County was also the subject of a study by one of Nader's Raiders, Michael E. Kinsley, who found that the county gave 18 country clubs an annual tax break of $165,777. The major proponent of the law permitting this is Lt. Gov. Lee, who maintains that the measure preserves open space in densely populated suburban areas. Writing about the Chevy Chase Club, Kinsley said, "It must be especially gratifying to black and Jewish residents of Montgomery County to reflect that through their property tax payments, they are subsidizing the operation of an institution which will not accept them as members."

Another Raider found that commercial property in Houston, Texas, is assessed at a rate one-half that used for residential property. Oil, gas and timber properties throughout Texas have been substantially undervaluated for tax purposes. A 1968 study of coal assessments in 11 eastern Kentucky counties by Richard Kirby, then a Yale law student, revealed that, in most cases, the assessments came from the coal operators themselves. As one tax commissioner told Kirby, "People just paid what they thought they should. Still do, mostly." Since most of the coal in Kentucky is owned by large out-of-state corporations, the people of one of America's largest poverty areas earn nothing but good will from the beneficence of their tax assessment system.

A new book, *The Free List: Property Without Taxes* (Russell Sage Foundation), points out still another problem: the impact of tax exempt properties. According to editor Alfred Balk, $600 billion in properties, or one-third the US total, are tax exempt. This comes to $310 per family. But the burden of these exemptions is not evenly allocated across the country. Those areas most affected are the core cities of metropolitan areas, government and education centers, and communities with large government properties. Nearly half the land in Boston, and one-third the land in New York City are tax exempt. In Washington, DC, the figure is close to 55 percent, with most of that land owned by the federal government. While the federal government *does* make an annual payment in lieu of taxes to the District, it takes a fight in Congress every year to extract the funds. And civic leaders complain that some of the private institutions that get exemptions, such as the National Geographic Society, benefit their members more than the people of DC.

Because of the complexities involved, finding a solution to the property tax question short of abolishing it altogether will be difficult. Take the example of two landlords who own adjacent, identical apartment buildings in a deteriorating section of any American city. The city government, the tenants and the land-

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lords themselves would like to see the buildings rehabilitated. But if only one owner rehabilitates his property, he will not be the only one to benefit. The other owner gains because now the "neighborhood" has been upgraded. Unfortunately, only the landlord whose building has been rehabilitated has his property reassessed at a higher value, and hence only he pays higher taxes. Usually, though, neither landlord does anything, and the whole neighborhood declines until it is ready for the bulldozers. Thousands of abandoned apartment buildings in New York City and elsewhere are testimonials to the inefficiency of the property tax system. The statement of a Newark landlord is typical: "If I improved I would still be scared to raise the rents and the people would move out and the area just doesn't warrant more investment. I'd like the other landlords on [the street] to get together and make more improvements, but unless we do it together it just doesn't make any sense for one of us to do it alone."

Something must be done to equalize assessments for all classes of properties. Getting better tax assessors is one way to achieve this. Congress could provide funds to the states to train assessors. Another suggestion that has had more testing in Australia than America is the land value tax, a system that taxes land on its potential, not its present use. This acts as a deterrent to speculators who, like the "farmers" in Maryland, are able to hold on to undeveloped property for years, only to make a killing when suburban sewer lines eventually reach their property. There are the renters to consider, too, those millions of nonproperty owners who nevertheless pay for their landlords' taxes without the benefit of income tax write-offs. Finally, five states – Wisconsin, Minnesota, California, Vermont and Kansas – are using variations of a technique called "circuit breaking." Under this system, taxes are rebated to homeowners and/or renters aged 65 or older whose tax is deemed excessive. The purpose is to help senior citizens on fixed incomes. The US Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations reports satisfactory results so far.

Impressed with the "circuit-breaker" idea, Rep. Henry S. Reuss (D, Wisc.) has introduced the Property Tax Relief Act of 1971. For homeowners or renters aged 65 or older, with total family incomes of $3700 or less, the bill would provide federal income tax relief – and, in hardship cases, cash rebates – for those paying excessive property taxes. In Reuss's home state, circuit breaking gave 74,000 low-income elderly families a total of $7.2 million in tax breaks in fiscal 1970, an average of $97 a family. Because so many of the families were so poor, 98 percent of the relief was in the form of a direct cash refund. Yet, Reuss claims, the total relief granted was less than one percent of total property tax collections in the state. Since Congress is usually sympathetic to the needs of older people, Reuss's bill and the circuit breaker technique may be good starting points for the Muskie hearings.

Robert Cassidy

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Senator Jackson and the New "Missile Gap"

The Latest Red Scare

by Herbert Scoville, Jr.

As the first salvo in the campaign to obtain larger appropriations this year for strategic weapons systems, Senator Henry Jackson (D, Wash.) announced March 7 that the Soviets were deploying a new generation of offensive missiles which could be as large or larger than their SS-9s. He submitted that this could be the missile for MIRVs (multiple, independently targetable, reentry vehicles) which the Russians were developing as a first strike weapon against the US Minuteman. This initial announcement was quickly followed by a statement from Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, that the Soviets had begun a new ICBM silo construction program. However, the admiral considerably softened Senator Jackson's warning by adding ". . . we do not know what these silos are intended for." The admiral's

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statement and other releases have made it clear that the Soviets have not developed or tested a new missile for those launchers. Indeed, Senator Jackson later admitted that there is no direct evidence that the Soviets have flight-tested a new missile, and that it would probably be 18 months before such missiles were emplaced. Nevertheless, reference to new Soviet construction was made frequently in the course of the recent hearings before the Armed Services Committee, and on April 21 Secretary Laird told the American Newspaper Publishers Association that "this new ICBM construction effort, coupled with additional momentum in the strategic defensive area . . . must be of major concern." Finally on April 27 the secretary announced that the Soviets had recommenced ABM deployment with advanced hardware, after a lull of more than three years.

Parallel to this scare campaign about large Soviet missiles, there have been renewed attempts to raise fears about another missile gap. General Holloway, Commander of SAC, has been reported as deploring the growing Soviet strategic superiority. The Defense Department on March 11 released a report written six months earlier by a rump group of the Blue Ribbon Defense Panel, whose charter was to study DOD organization, not policy. This document grossly exaggerated Soviet capabilities, downgraded US deterrent strength, called for increased military expenditures to prevent the US from becoming a second-class power, and summoned us to regain and retain a clearly superior strategic capability.

In view of the competing needs for funds and resources to cope with our internal problems, it is important to analyze calmly the validity of all these claims and avoid being panicked into unnecessary spending on new and more dangerous weapons. The renewed deployment of additional Soviet ICBM launchers, particularly for new large missiles is, of course, a step in the wrong direction. At the same time, however, the Russian SS-11 small-missile program appears to have leveled off and the rate of new silo construction for even the large ICBMs (SS-9s or bigger) has actually decreased in recent years. Previous to 1969, the Soviets were said to have been building 50 to 60 SS-9 silos per year. But as of August, 1969, no new construction was observed until May 1970, when about 20 new starts were reported. This past winter, the Defense Department announced that construction on some of these new silos may have been suspended and that the program had leveled off below 300. The new large-silo construction is currently reported to be limited to several tens of launchers. Thus, it would appear that at the most, during the past 21 months, the Soviets have initiated construction on about 50 new large launchers, a considerable reduction from previous years and far below the level predicted by Secretary Laird in 1969 in his original justification for the Safeguard ABM program. At this rate of construction it would not be until 1975/76 that the USSR would have the 420 operational missiles which Secretary Laird postulated would be required, with three MIRVs on each, to threaten our Minuteman force. While the program could accelerate faster than the rate of the last two years, it would be almost impossible for the 420 to be achieved before 1974, the date originally predicted.

Specifically, what are the security implications of this new construction of launchers? They could, of course, be harder silos for the Russian SS-9s, to provide protection from a counterforce strike by the US MIRVed missiles we are now deploying. If this is what the Russians are doing, it would explain why no new missile has yet been tested for these silos. Such hardening would have no relationship to a Soviet first strike capability about which Secretary Laird and Senator Jackson have been so worried. Indeed, it would seem certain that a first strike capability was not a critical Soviet policy objective.

Alternatively, Senator Jackson has suggested that this construction is to house a new Soviet missile which will be used to deliver their much-feared MIRVs. In evaluating the significance of this possibility it is important to remember that in all previous

"We've spent so much for defense that there's not much left to defend."

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estimates of the Soviet threat it has been assumed that the SS-9 missile was capable of delivering any type of MIRV system the Soviets chose to develop; that the SS-9 had the payload capacity to carry six, ten, or even more MIRVs; and the only question was the accuracy which could be achieved. The only reason for basing the calculations supporting our 1969 Safeguard ABM decision on three MIRVs per missile was that Soviet tests at that time involved three reentry vehicles. Any other basis would have delayed the threat Safeguard was supposed to counter. As yet, the Soviets have not tested any system with more than 3 reentry vehicles. But if the assumption that the SS-9 *could* handle any MIRV system was correct, then the newly observed construction should have no effect one way or another on the timing of a Russian MIRV capability, it is just another form of the previously estimated SS-9 threat. If it was wrong and the Soviets are developing a new missile system for their MIRVs, then the estimated dates formerly given were much too early.

If, in order to have a true MIRV, the Soviets have to go through the complete development cycle for a new missile, *on which testing has not yet started*, that missile could not be ready for use before two to three years from now. More importantly, if they are going to have to construct new silos for their MIRVed missiles and not use the existing 280 SS-9 silos, then the time at which they would have a force which could threaten Minuteman is many more years away. Even at the rapid rate of 50 large MIRVed missiles a year, the Russians could not have 250 of them operational until 1976/77. At worst, therefore, the new silos could mean no change in the predicted threat, and at best it could mean a delay of three or more years.

Last fall the Defense Department reported the first Soviet tests of an SS-9 which looked as if it might contain three MIRVs. More recently, however, Secretary Laird expressed doubts that the Soviets were deploying MIRVs; at the same time he reaffirmed his estimate that they *could* have a MIRV capability by 1972. This leads to speculation that perhaps even the initial Soviet testing of MIRV is in question. If this is so, it would only be a repetition of Defense Department claims, made two years earlier, when the Russians first tested multiple reentry vehicles which did not have the ability to be aimed at different targets. Defense scientists tried to raise fears that these were MIRVs which could attack Minuteman missiles. In any case, even if the test of last fall was with MIRVs, they could not become operational for a year or so.

Further, there has been no report that the Soviets have tested a system which could have *more* than three MIRVs, a capability which would be required in order for the current number of large Soviet missiles to be considered a threat to our Minuteman. There is no technical reason why the Soviets could not develop a six, or even more, MIRV system for their SS-9 or other large missile, but no such system could become operational until about two years after the first tests. The US would undoubtedly observe these tests and have ample notice. Thus, there is no basis for sudden anxiety, other than that engendered by the possibility that the enlarged Defense budget for fiscal 1972 will not be approved by the Congress.

The US strategic weapons program has been pursued during the past few years at an augmented pace and, if anything, a "missile gap" is rapidly developing in our favor. Secretary Laird himself points out in this year's Posture Statement that between December 30, 1970 and mid 1971, our offensive strategic nuclear weapons will increase from 4000 to 4600, while the Soviets' during the same period will only increase from 1800 to 2000, an addition of 600 for the US as compared to 200 for the USSR. Furthermore, this rapid US acceleration is only the beginning of a vast program; during the next five years US missile warheads will increase to more than 7000 as we place MIRVs on our Minuteman III ICBMs and Poseidon submarine missiles.

This buildup cannot be discounted by saying that the number of warheads is not as important as megatonnage. Each of these MIRV warheads has an explosive force at least several times that of the explosions which destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In the early sixties, virtually all US authorities reached the conclusion that our security would be enhanced by substituting multiple small bombs for a very high yield single weapon in our B-52 loads, 64 hardened Minuteman missiles in lieu of the larger Titans, and by MIRVs with lower yields in place of single bigger warheads. Senator Jackson in hearings of the Senate Armed Services Committee confirmed that he had endorsed this concept. Megatonnage has long been outdated as a critical measure of relative strength.

How can one say that a missile gap in favor of the Soviet Union is developing when the US is adding to its warheads at the rate of 1200 per year, while the present rise in Soviet warhead strength is no more than 400 per year? While the Russian program certainly has strong momentum, so does ours. In time, of course, the Soviet MIRV program could approach and even surpass our present one, but the Russians are, at a minimum, several years behind us in this area.

It is this long-range and as yet unrealized Soviet potential that poses the true risk to our security and demonstrates the recklessness and tragedy of our failure to negotiate seriously a limitation on MIRVs at the SALT talks. President Nixon's refusal to negotiate an "ABM only" limitation as a first stage of an arms limitation agreement may now have reaped its harvest with the resumption of Russian ABM deployment, making agreement in this area and perhaps others more

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difficult than before. Arms limitation is still much the best but most neglected way of protecting US security and avoiding the panicky over-response which seems always to be the trademark of an unrestricted arms race, and of the annual military budget debate.

In sum, US strategic programs have long been under way to cope with threats far beyond those envisioned by any of these recent alarms about new Soviet weapons, and none of these alarms justifies new increases in US strategic force levels.

The Presidential Candidacy of Harold Hughes

For God and Country

by Paul R. Wieck

On the evening of March 1, a startling scene was shown on the early news. Union members in their hard hats were mingling freely with long-haired students and weather-worn farmers. Their signs knocked against each other as they waved them at the President. "Silent Majority Speaks Out Against Nixon," one read. It happened at the Des Moines airport. Iowa. Corn country. Commentators talked about it for days. It still lingered in many a mind two weeks later when Sen. Harold Hughes took a weekend swing to test his appeal in the Northeast. In Boston, a reporter asked about the scene back home in Iowa. Hughes had just mopped his brow as he sat under the blinding glare of the TV lights. Unconsciously, he tapped his cigaret on the ash tray in front of him, looked up, let ever so slight a grin pass over his face and said: "President Nixon has finally brought them together." Chuckles of delight swept over his youthful followers who were crammed into a small room in Boston's Sheraton-Plaza for the TV quiz session. The next night, the script was the same in an upstairs room of a restaurant in suburban Paramus, NJ. The same response. Those who look to Hughes in 1972 read a double meaning into it. President Nixon might have brought hard-hats, students and farmers together at Des Moines, but it's Hughes who can keep them together.

Why Harold Hughes? He scored a mere 11 percent in name recognition in a recent poll, and the bulk of that small percentage may have had Howard Hughes in mind. Another poll gave him a one percent preference rating among Democrats in a field crowded with familiar names. Is a man virtually unknown nationally as of spring, 1971, the man to pull together the diverse, often irreconcilable factions of the Democratic coalition?

The answer to "why Harold Hughes" is laced with contradictions. He's intensely personal, yet aloof. He's given to contemplation, yet driven to perform. He is possessed of incredible energy and inner confidence, which breed a tension that permeates the space around him. Big (6 ft. 3, 235 pounds), handsome, a man who needs to diet, he has a commanding presence. He must communicate, must feel in a personal way, whether he's before audiences of thousands or in a room with a few friends or face-to-face with a colleague. He prays daily, not by ritualistic rote but in an endless search to define for himself an all-embracing deity. Rising from prayer, he seeks to do. Is this the manner of man who can govern the nation from the isolation of the Oval Room?

The feelings rising within him in 1968, which drove him from caucus to caucus in Chicago doggedly seeking votes for Eugene McCarthy and led him to the platform to nominate him at a time when Hughes himself was locked in an uncomfortably close race of his own in Iowa, the energy he poured into party reform, his rapport with youth, should make him the logical heir to McCarthy's left-of-liberal followers. Yet they often feel uncomfortable with him. He lacks their formal education, is a college dropout (after less than a year), a reformed drunk, a truck driver who made good but not by reading treatises on government and politics. His "Jesus bit," as some call it, borders on the messianic at times. After a Chicago speech in which he came down hard for God and country in a rousing, extemporaneous climax, I overheard a leader of New York's intellectual left remark to a friend, "I didn't mind the God bit but this eternity crap is too much for me."

Hughes senses and shares their discomfort. He holds back before audiences of older East Coast intellectuals of the party's left wing. He can't quite get the hang of them. In Boston, for instance, he drew an overflow crowd to the annual ADA dinner. They listened

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quietly to that deep voice that rose and fell with perfect intonation. Subdued that night, he kept the lid on forces that often explode within him. The response was mixed. There were murmurs of "no substance." They were not so much dismayed as puzzled. "He sounds like a minister," one said. His delivery was "too perfect." But large numbers of young people came, causing the overflow. Some of the younger ones heard something else – a man obsessed by the needs and cares of people, a man who seeks to reconcile differences of class and race their elders have come to wear as a badge of righteousness, a man who will say, in a quiet, pensive voice, that he thinks "the basic decency of man is in all people" and call for a "new era of forgiveness."

The same impulses which gripped him in Chicago in 1968 would seem to make him a logical foe of hard-hat brigades and of their leaders, who fought for a hero of their own – Hubert Humphrey.

But animosity melts in his presence. Here's someone who has worked with his hands, who understands working people, who wants to raise the minimum wage and veterans' benefits, who thinks the top priority for the next administration is a guaranteed job for every American. Over the opposition of local labor leaders contemptuous of bringing a "McCarthy type" into an ethnic, industrial community, he was scheduled into Akron, Ohio, in the fall of 1970. When it was over, a salty Irish union leader said: "It's the nearest thing I've heard to the fireside chat." The night after his Boston speech, Hughes stood before a party gathering in northern New Jersey. Irish and Italian names and faces predominated. The crowd of hundreds had been drinking, dancing and dining for hours before he rose to speak. He was as tough in his criticism of Vietnam, stressing moral grounds, as in Boston. Once more, a deep quiet settled over the room. But the response was different. I turned to a middle-aged waitress who'd listened intently. "Beautiful," she said. For the next half hour, dozens of nicely dressed, shy women in their middle years crowded up to ask him about Iowa, tell him his speech was "just beautiful," ask him to sign their program and say they hoped to vote for him for President. State Chairman Sal Bontempo was ecstatic, his face wreathed in smiles. So was Sen. Pete Williams. Two women had come from nearby Tenafly. Active in a peace group Hughes had addressed months earlier, they were ill at ease in a regular party setting. But they came away pleased: "He said the same thing to these people he said to us and they liked it."

In spite of – or perhaps because of – the contradictions in Hughes' appeal, he is seen by some as the great hope for a populist resurgence. After all, he comes from Iowa, as did Gen. James Weaver, the Populist nominee in 1892. But is Hughes himself a throwback to populism? If it's narrowly defined, yes. He's nothing short of an evangelist when it comes to people, their intrinsic worth, their right to know and govern. But if you measure him in terms of his record as governor of Iowa for six years in the mid-sixties, you get a picture of a modern, pragmatic reformer.

Hughes was 35 in 1957, a transplant to Iowa from the hills of Eastern Kentucky where his family was imbued with the historic Republicanism of the region. It fit like a glove in rural, northeast Iowa. After his experiences in the infantry during World War II, he had a lengthy bout with alcohol but pulled himself together just after turning 30. He then moved up fast – from truck driver to manager to head of a statewide association of independent truckers. The industry was regulated by the Iowa Commerce Commission, an elective body. Convinced the independents weren't getting a fair shake, he went to Des Moines to complain. The advice he got from Iowa's Democratic governor (Herschel Loveless) was: "young man, if you don't like the way the commission is run, the only thing I can suggest is that you run for it yourself and change it."

Hughes brooded over that. His own Republican Party was in the hands of an aging business-oriented hierarchy that did not welcome the views of young upstarts. He changed his registration, ran as a Democrat, was elected to the Commerce Commission in 1958, probed deeply into its work, exposed unfair practices, and at the end of his four-year term was elected governor. He promptly undertook reorganization of the state government with the goal of reducing a maze of 140 administrative agencies to about 30. The elderly got tax relief, a tough fair employment practices law was passed, school aid upped 300 percent, a system of vocational-technical schools and junior colleges started, state institutions of every sort rehabilitated. He simply scooped the state government up in his huge hands and dropped it into the middle of the twentieth century.

Hughes' contempt for the constraints of conventional politics hasn't waned. Twelve years after getting into elective politics, he sat on a McGovern Commission panel in Detroit hearing testimony on party reform. A young man, irked at the disdain of his own contemporaries for partisan loyalties, came down hard on the importance of "being a Democrat." Wagging his finger at the young man, Hughes made it clear he quit the GOP because he found it didn't respond to new voices and wouldn't hesitate to leave the Democratic Party if it, too, failed to listen. He thinks the Democratic Party is responding, that he has a role in helping to expedite change but his gut aversion to blind allegiance or to parties without purpose remains unchanged.

By the summer of 1968, the McCarthy-Kennedy forces had banged their heads often enough against

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barriers built into the convention delegate selection process, so that they were convinced broad changes were imperative. They cast about for a way to bring them about and settled on an ad hoc committee to report to the Rules Committee at the Chicago national convention. First they looked for a Humphrey backer to head up the committee. Dore Schary said no. So did Adlai Stevenson III and Bronson LaFollette. Finally, Hughes agreed to take the job, after checking out the young lawyers behind the move to make sure they weren't "radical revolutionaries." He'd been the first governor to urge Robert Kennedy to run for the presidential nomination, and in Chicago weeks later, he would nominate McCarthy. But when selected, he was not identified with any candidate.

Hughes had no intention of being a figurehead. He soaked up material passed on to him like a sponge, prodded the staff, and when the ad hoc committee's report went before the convention delegates as a minority report, Hughes lobbied everyone from Mayor Richard Daley on down, concentrating on his fellow Democratic governors. It passed by 103 votes. The margin was provided by his buddy, Gov. Warren Hearnes of Missouri, who shared Hughes' dismay over LBJ and, at Hughes' personal request, cast his state's 60-plus votes for the report. Ironically, Hearnes and his state chairman, Delton Houtchens, have been dragging their feet on reform ever since.

The McGovern Commission, which grew out of the approved convention report and which Hughes served as vice chairman, thereupon embarked on a series of seemingly endless seminars and hearings in Washington and across the country. Its aim, simply, was to make the Democratic party more democratic. Once the hearings were wrapped up and the staff had drafted guidelines for changes in delegate selection procedures, a move surfaced to close the final meetings to press and public. Hughes said he wouldn't take part if that were done. They were kept open. I recall a commission member with a background as a party "regular" coming up to me at a cocktail party thrown by the Democratic National Committee at the time this backstage fight was going on. To my surprise, she said: "Harold Hughes says the people have a right to know, so if they close the doors we'll all have to get up and walk out." At one point toward the end of the commission's deliberations, it had wrangled tediously for hours over several key but complex guidelines. Mid-afternoon, the gavel was handed to Hughes, and in a brief statement he sorted out the issues and got a vote taken within the hour on every item that had been under discussion since early morning.

His work on the commission converted a healthy share of reformers to his candidacy. They included Eli Segal, a young McCarthy volunteer who was legal counsel for the commission before joining Hughes' presidential operation; David Mixner, another McCarthy aide, commission member and one of four coordinators of the Vietnam Moratorium; Ann Wexler of Connecticut, Joe Duffey's 1968 manager and now director of the voting rights project at Common Cause; and Patti Knox, former Michigan state vice chairwoman, a Humphrey "dove" in 1968 with close ties to blue collar voters. Obviously they see in Hughes something more compelling than decisiveness.

I once asked the senator how his faith affects what he does. He answered, in part: "It translates only as it helps me refine my own being by better understanding myself and other beings, their concerns. It inspires me to believe in the brotherhood of man. I believe in the brotherhood of man. I believe in man rather than rejecting him, in love rather than fear, that there is a place for everyone, the blind, lame, poor, convict, alcoholic. Isn't that a measurement of civilization, how man cares for his brother?" Stories abound about Hughes' highly developed sense of personal mission. Usually liquor is involved. He and his staff are tight-lipped about the identity of the men he has helped, although ex-Gov. Phil Hoff of Vermont stated publicly Hughes counseled him in efforts to shake a drinking problem. A typical story goes like this. Hughes is invited to a big press party. He doesn't show. Just before he was to leave home, a call came from a colleague in trouble, a man threatening suicide. Hughes sat up all night with him. It boggles the mind to figure out how the Secret Service would cope with that one if Hughes should move to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. He's not apt to stop it. Once, after a bad day as governor, he cut short a man who called for help and, two hours later, the man killed himself. It still preys on Hughes' conscience. Shortly after he came to Washington, the senator spotted a colleague known to be a heavy drinker sitting alone at his desk on the Senate floor. Hughes walked over, sat down next to him and, by way of explanation, said: "I understand you have the same problem I've had." How's that for a first meeting with a senior colleague.

Park Rinard, his administrative assistant, recalls an incident from Iowa days. A man well-known in state GOP circles called Hughes; his world had collapsed around him; Hughes talked to him at length, put down the phone and looked at Rinard. "Do you suppose we can find him something?" "From what I heard, I think we'll have to," Rinard replied. They did and the man is still on the job.

Unlike many reformed sinners, however, Hughes doesn't shrink at the sight of another's waywardness, nor condemn it. His attitude toward drugs, including pot, is an example. Hughes is put off by ignorant slogans and unreasonable penalties, but simultaneously, he's careful not to push for legalization of

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something he fears may become "another plague."

He's fiercely independent and resists being institutionalized. The front-man role bores him. He won't surround himself with the sycophants, celebrities included, who clutter the national stage. Small talk wearies him. He does it poorly. He comes up with amusing quips but is not a teller of tales, gauche or otherwise. He's completely out of his element on the Georgetown social circuit or at chic fund raisers, as is Mrs. Hughes, a shy woman who prefers gardening and a quiet evening at home to socializing. If the Hughes family moved into the White House, one could expect the minimum of official entertaining. Hughes prefers to stay home, watch TV, read from his large collection of religious works (a lot of them standard fare like Paul Tillich and Marcus Bach) or take a gun and tramp through the woods in search of game. He's a hunter but favors gun registration.

He can leave people nonplused. A young Southern solon with liberal leanings told me of Hughes' parting remark at their first meeting: "The next time we meet, we'll talk about our political souls." Weeks later, the young lawmaker was still shaking his head in disbelief.

Whom does he gather around him? People he trusts. Loyalty rates high. Rinard, now his top man, met him in 1957. His devotion to Hughes and his understanding of the man he works for are complete. They're comfortable together. Hughes' financial support, limited at this time, comes from the same kind of people – Iowa businessmen, often with Republican backgrounds – who remember him as governor. Typical is Watson Powell Jr., president of the Des Moines Chamber of Commerce and chairman of the board of American Republic Insurance Co. Powell switched his registration to Democratic and heads up Iowa's official Hughes for President Committee. Rinard says Hughes' "great strength is that he brings people like Powell into his sphere." But they have to come of their own will. He's proud that none of his wealthy supporters has ever asked him for a favor, something the special interests who finance some segments of the Democratic party are apt to have a hard time understanding. It can also be a cold viewpoint. There are liberals who have invested a lifetime, in some cases a small fortune, in political causes without asking anything for themselves other than a little psychic input. They feel they deserve more from a candidate than rugged style and honesty.

Others are disturbed by what they consider Hughes' provincialism – not provincialism of manner but of thought. They are concerned over his sketchy background, particularly in foreign affairs. If he won't mix with the country's intellectual expertise, how can he get educated? He often tells friends he "can't be programmed," and Rinard warns that "liberals will have to learn that this guy isn't one who takes the standard line on everything. His style is different." Translated, that means he won't dot the doctrinaire "i's" of the left-of-liberal community. Fair enough. But how *does* he make up his mind?

One hears that Hughes "listens to God" for direction, consults astrologists or psychics such as Jeane Dixon. I asked him to define his concept of God. He bristled a bit. "Yes," he'd heard the rumors, but "are you going to ask George McGovern the same thing? His father was a Methodist minister." But, I persisted, people aren't saying these things about McGovern. "I thought the issue of religion was laid aside in 1960," Hughes replied. I countered by pointing out that that was a replay of historic Protestant-Catholic enmities, that not many people accused John Kennedy of actually *listening* to God. "If I could adequately describe God," Hughes said, "he'd be unworthy of consideration. God is a very personal thing. . . . I'm a Methodist. . . . I believe the prophets spoke the truth to all . . . I accept Jesus Christ as the incarnate word of God . . . God is omnipresent, omniscient, the spiritual presence of all things. . . . In this concept of an all-present, all-knowing being, I'm impressed with his concern for man. I don't know where thoughts come from. It's not a matter of me sitting down and saying 'thus spoke the lord.' . . . It's more building a foundation, not an apocalyptic happening whereby you kneel and are struck by lighting."

Hughes actively pursues his interest in metaphysics. But he's "not necessarily interested in astrology," doesn't know Jeane Dixon, wouldn't consult her if he did and suspects she's a bit John Birchish. His interest in the metaphysical includes healing, which he describes as seeking a "scientific basis" for a "natural process of life . . . science and religion coming together as the natural law of the earth . . . the act of doing good, simple good . . . as ye give, so shall ye receive . . . a natural law." He shrugs and turns his head: "If these are a block to me becoming President, then so be it." He can't and won't deny his interest. "I've left too many footprints all over the country to deny it even if I wanted to, which I don't."

Hughes goes to the Senate prayer luncheon weekly, sometimes leaving a bit jarred. There, he rubs shoulders with right-wing Southern colleagues, among others. Once, he came back shaking his head over what he'd heard – a discussion, using Old Testament sources, on the justification of war in the name of religion. That's not the kind of deity Hughes seeks to define in his own consciousness. Rinard calls him "the most religious man I've ever known."

I asked Rinard for examples of Hughes' "ability to make decisions and his commanding presence in carrying them out." He related an Iowa story from the spring of 1967 when ghettoes across the country were going up in flames. Hughes had heard rumbles

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from the black sections of Des Moines and Cedar Rapids, so he went, anonymously, into the poverty areas to see for himself. What he found alarmed him. In a matter of days, he called two key Des Moines businessmen together for lunch, told them what had to be done, returned to his office and in a couple of hours brought the mayor and city council in to discuss a plan he'd worked out for the ghettoes, won their support, appeared personally before the city council to offer the plan publicly, called the business community together, laid it on the line and walked out with over $100,000 in contributions. A few days later, 400 to 500 black teenagers were at work. To his intimates, that was a familiar pattern: he explodes with an idea, touches all bases and carries through. "In this respect, he's a superb administrator," one says. He doesn't linger over a problem in search of a perfect answer, if he feels quick action is needed.

But the Des Moines city council isn't Congress, nor are Iowa's ghettoes the seething cauldrons of poverty, despair and fear to be found in the crowded industrial centers of the Northeast and Midwest. Even a compassionate man whose personal experience includes the degradation of alcoholism needs expert advice, long-range planning. Is Hughes the kind of man who will seek it? He's what people call a "quick study," taking in complex material quickly, pulling out the core. But is that enough? Is he educable on the great issues?

This is how one staunch supporter describes his learning process. He consumes large numbers of position papers. He dislikes wordy treatises, prefers compact (3 to 5-page) resumes and gets angry if both sides of the question aren't covered. Personal recommendations are welcomed but only if both sides are summarized. He gives an A-plus to the man who will point out the flaws in his own argument.

What about using the "best minds"? Would Hickory Hill seminars be possible? They're credited with a significant role in Robert Kennedy's awareness of the country's most trying problems in his later years. Hughes isn't put off by that idea. But he doesn't care to "fragment" a session with expertise on several topics. "It's more than the mind can absorb in one sitting," he said, explaining that it "makes sense to bring in a dozen people talking on *one* subject, such as ABM and building silos." Since getting on Senate Armed Services, he has been giving a lot of his time to analyzing each weapons system with the aim of deciding what is needed for a "secure America" and cutting the military off at that point. He has also carried through his "one topic" concept by helping sponsor the conferences of the Fund for New Priorities. Its seminars have focused on everything from China, to law and order and whether we can logistically leave Vietnam in three weeks. In recent days he has introduced a "sense of the Senate" resolution on behalf of a world conference to clarify and update the rules of war, taking into account revolutionary changes in weaponry since the Hague Convention and the effect of those changes on civilian populations.

An early decision of Hughes in the Senate shows he can be moved to a new course by a heavy input of information. In the summer of 1969, he sat in on discussions on the Cooper-Hart amendment to limit the scope of ABM and cut back on its funding. After listening for some days, Hughes concluded that the amendment, though it carried the blessing of the liberal-left community, allowed too much for ABM. Two days before the vote, he decided to offer a more restrictive amendment. It was greeted with howls from some quarters, but Hughes worked hard for it and rounded up over 30 votes. Rinard thinks it was "his finest hour" in the Senate.

He can't be argued out of a position because it's unpopular. Iowa was being torn apart, in the mid-sixties, by a special vote on an apportionment plan that violated the "one man, one vote" concept. Hughes was strongly advised to keep out of the fight. He stumped the state against it, because he thought it was a bad plan. The ad campaigns had confused voters. On the eve of the vote Hughes said on TV: "If you don't understand it, vote no." They did.

Hughes has taken his time deciding whether to run for the presidency in 1972. His mind was not made up until early spring of this year, after he'd made a couple excursions into the countryside. He needed to know if people were receptive to the kind of reconciliation he preaches. The men around him say a speech before a black brotherhood in Chicago that drew 1000 people helped him decide. There, he proposed the country take the same kinds of risk in coping with hard drugs it has taken in Vietnam, that a crash methadone program of considerable scope be initiated. He was well received. Hughes sees the ghetto poor as refugees from rural poverty, driven to city jungles by the failure of a rural economy to take care of its own over the last 50 years. But until that speech, he was unsure he could reach that kind of audience in a major city.

Before then, there had been successes, such as his speech to 12,500 National Farmers Organization members in convention in Louisville. At ease before a group he has endorsed almost from its inception, he let himself go. Over half the huge crowd joined the Iowa delegation in a rousing "Hughes in '72" demonstration.

Hughes hasn't used the Senate as a staging ground for a run for the presidency. He won't play the game of who said what first or tossed which bill in the hopper first. He puts very little into the *Congressional Record*, apart from material on party reform and alcohol and drug rehabilitation. That reserve has led to a charge that Hughes is a one issue candidate. He

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denies it but defends his interest in the narcotics problem by saying "it touches almost every home these days." I asked him about his failure to use the *Record*. He replied: "When I put something in I want it to have a purpose, be supportive of a position we're talking about rather than just be a speech. I probably should have used it more. But is there really any question of my stand on something like pollution?" His own aides are sensitive to the fact he's not on record on many of the great controversies of the day (he has no farm program, for example) and are busily trying to remedy that. Still, his accomplishments in the Senate match those of most freshmen. He was able to get an alcoholic rehabilitation bill through Congress and signed (the White House has yet to ask for funds to implement it) and a drug rehabilitation measure through the Senate in his first session. Some of his colleagues have been around a couple terms before pushing through a major bill for which they, personally, are credited by their peers.

Hughes' candidacy poses a number of problems. Up to now, the money for a modest $15,000-a-month operation run from two restored townhouses on Capitol Hill has come mainly from Iowa friends, but the funding potential of the folks back home will be quickly exhausted by any full-scale effort. Last year, it looked as if several top money people in the McCarthy circle would swing over to Hughes, the only one of the visible candidates McCarthy praises. This year, these same money people appear to be edging back to their 1968 hero in hopes he'll try again. George McGovern is already working the left for funds with some success. Other candidates are nailing down special interest sources. So where will Hughes go?

Hughes also has trouble pacing himself. He likes to do his own scheduling and does it poorly. He drives himself to the point of exhaustion and falls victim to every virus making the rounds. In California, three days of speeches were cancelled when a doctor ordered him to bed. He recovered just in time to speak at Idaho's Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner and go on to Portland, Ore., where a Hughes group is active.

The frustration that drove people to any available Democratic candidate four years ago has gone. A long window shopping spree is in progress. As the intellectual left looks Hughes over, they'll find a tag that reads "97 percent approved by ADA," but as blue collar leaders examine his potential they can't help being impressed by another that reads, "He's one of us." Having made a decision, his aloofness is fading. He is showing up at affairs (like a dessert tasting held on the Capitol lawn) he wouldn't have gone near a year ago. "God" has gone out of his speeches to be replaced by an appeal to get the country together to use its incredible resources to help mankind. Teams of young attorneys are being sent into every state to make contacts. Hughes is looking for a campaign manager. The job description: a nationally identifiable figure who can go into any state and deal with all factions of the party. It fits Hughes' concept of the politics of reconciliation. His campaign structure is not to be built on the remnants of another man's but is to be put together in such a way as to exclude no one.

Hughes has his timetable worked out. He won't announce before late December or early January of 1972. I asked him about primaries. He ticked them off without hesitation: "North Carolina and Arkansas. Of course, Illinois. Wisconsin, Oregon, California. Oh, yes, and West Virginia." To which must be added Nebraska, Maryland and New Mexico, where ballot designation can be automatic.

He aches to go South. Not only does he have strong backing among youthful Southerners of liberal bent who see him as the man who can redeem their native soil and still be an acceptable peace candidate, but Hughes himself has a sense of mission about it. Arkansas would be ideal, but the boomlet for Wilbur Mills, now backed by Gov. Dale Bumpers and other influential leaders across Dixie, may preclude it. North Carolina could be his best bet. But he may have to go into an expensive Florida primary where Muskie and Bayh are already lining up troops.

New England is a special problem. It's Muskie's home turf but an area of major Democratic strength in recent national elections. Hughes, like his competitors, knows a test there is mandatory. But where? New Hampshire's liberals insist they shouldn't be made to choose. Sandie Hoeh, a 1968 McCarthy leader, said: "McGovern and Hughes should decide between themselves which one will come into the state." Both may be willing to let McCarthy try it again. Massachusetts with its strong peace base, a base McGovern has been cultivating, looks like the promising place to challenge Muskie in New England.

The charisma Hughes' backers attribute to him – that blend of rugged good looks, impassioned commitment, a voice that can soothe and inspire, all reducing itself to something called animal magnetism – will be put to a severe test when, as a candidate, Hughes goes all-out for the nomination. It isn't unusual to hear someone say they're weighing Hughes and Jackson and the next minute talk to another who finds Hughes and McGovern equally acceptable; to hear of someone's being torn between Hughes and Humphrey, while still another is saying he likes McCarthy but Hughes would be fine.

The people around Hughes are delighted with his present positive outlook. After his March swing, he told one close associate at lunch: "I'm not afraid of the job. I know I can handle it." Speaking in Boston some days later, he said, "the day the war ends is the beginning." He wants to be in the White House to help shape that beginning.

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Why Not Try It?

On Doing Good: The Quaker Experiment by Gerald Jonas

(Charles Scribner's Sons; $5.95)

The Maple Sugar Book, together with Remarks on Pioneering as a Way of Living in the 20th Century by Helen and Scott Nearing

(Schocken Books; $5.95)

Here are two books about practice, which is refreshing in a market that has become overloaded with theory. Their themes, drawn from sources in some ways diametrically opposed to one another – religion and politics, involvement and withdrawal, quietism and the radical left – are closely related: how to do good realistically in a politically complicated world. In one case the context is personal; the Nearings, when Scott Nearing could not find work as a teacher because of his political beliefs, had to decide what kind of life to lead, and *The Maple Sugar Book* is an account of one facet of the life they chose (another joint book, *Living The Good Life*, gives more biographical detail). In the other case the context is social and institutional; Jonas deals with the history of the Pennsylvania Quakers and in particular with the operations of the American Friends Service Committee.

The Maple Sugar Book was first published 20 years ago, when the Nearings were still into sugaring and had not yet taken up blueberries, which they now cultivate in Maine. Its reissue now is another example of Schocken's admirable policy of mining the recent past. The first thing that strikes one is the incredible learning that is brought to bear on an improbable subject. There cannot have been many sugar bushes commercially cultivated by prolific writers on politics and economics, and it has probably occurred to rather few of those to look into the sixteenth century sources with a scholarly eye. But the Nearings go back to Virgil, Herodotus, and Dioscorides in search of sugar lore before they even get to the maple, in Peter Martyr's *Decades of the Newe Worlde of West India* of 1521 (at least one supposes it to be the maple – the citation says "Honey is gathered from trees," but the Nearings can probably be trusted not to begin Chapter I with the wrong stuff). The early pages wax rather lyrical about trees ("the leaves are the fluttering flags that attract the sunlight") but they soon settle down to facts, collected from all quarters and providing astonishing insights into cultural history. A couple of specimens: No form of sugar was in general use in the Western world until the seventeenth century – sweetness was provided by honey, and sugar was considered a rare spice having medicinal qualities – and in the eighteenth century many people had a conscientious objection to the use of cane sugar because it was produced by slaves (the recent grape boycott was in a longer tradition than some of us realized). There are things like this on almost every page, so that even people who don't actually want to make maple sugar may find themselves hooked.

For those who *do* want to tap maples the middle section of the book, while not exactly a manual of practice, is full of detail about the physical operation of a sugar bush. One learns what kind of drill to use, what kind of spout, how to hang the bucket, what conditions of snow and sun and wind favor the most plentiful flow of sap, what are the drawbacks and advantages of piping the sap from the bush to the boiling house, when to draw off the syrup from the evaporator. One learns also how little is really *known* about these things. It is reassuring to be reminded that the world is more subtle and complex than our most advanced theories about it, and that parts of it operate, despite our rushings back and forth, according to more leisurely timetables of their own. It takes about forty years to grow a sugar-producing maple, and nobody really understands why the sap runs as and when it does. Cultivating a sugar bush consists of making the conditions right for natural processes to flourish – weeding and thinning, for example – and attempts to accelerate the natural processes themselves have not been particularly successful. Two gentlemen named Marvin and Taylor, at the University of Vermont, are said by the Nearings to have been trying to cultivate a high-yield rapidly-maturing tree; given the lapse of 20 years I thought I would call Dr. Marvin to ask how the project was coming along. No luck yet, he said; in fact they have given up and turned the whole thing over to the Forest Service. But by the use of vacuum pumps they can now get up to four times as much sap out of existing trees.

The Nearings are purists; in a note to the new edition they "deplore modern tendencies," admitting to a dislike of plastic pipe and evaporators fired with gas or oil instead of wood, and one has the feeling that they would disapprove of vacuum pumps. But then the *real* subject of this book is not the practice of maple sugaring at all, but the practice of a certain kind of life. In leaving urban civilization for the pioneer existence of the northern woods Helen and Scott Nearing had a number of explicit objectives in mind. One of these was, simply, to leave urban civilization, to make and keep contact with nature. Another was to control their own source of livelihood instead of having it controlled by local politicians, and to stay solvent instead of running into debt. But the rest are straight out of a Marxist utopia. (I intend neither "Marxist" nor "utopia" pejoratively.) They wanted "to live simply, doing as much good as possible to our fellow humans and fellow beings, and at the same time doing them as little harm as possible"; they wanted to make a living in half of their working time, devoting the rest to intellectual activity; and they wanted to be an example, to show that it is possible for an individual to do his share of necessary social labor and still satisfy his creative urges. They succeeded in doing all this. And yet in the end I must admit to a certain disappointment.

The Nearings, apart from their Vermont pioneering, have been splendid

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examples of a certain tradition of American radicalism. In 1915 Nearing lost his position at the Wharton School for anti-child-labor activity; thereafter he pursued a highly visible leftward path. In 1957 he and his wife were courageous enough to make an unauthorized visit to China, for which they had their passports revoked by the State Department. They must be relishing, in their old age (Scott Nearing is almost 90), the irony of all those ping-pong players marching about in Peking. (Their trip and its aftermath are described in *The Brave New World* and *Our Right to Travel*.) But when it came to marketing maple sugar they fell, it seems to me, into a dismaying inconsistency. Maple sugaring is a marginal industry and the return on it is small; some way had to be found of raising the profit without enlarging the crop. The Nearings resorted to fancy packaging, putting syrup in shaped bottles called "Sweet Old Ladies" at double the going price, selling sugar in "picture packs" – "A Young Man's Fancy," "Hearts Are Trumps," "Jolly Old St. Nick." In this way, although they cannot have admitted it to themselves, they exploited a sentimental public and pandered to a culture of artificiality and extravagance. The case is so innocent and harmless that the point would not be worth making in such harsh terms had not the Nearings themselves been so ready, in this book and elsewhere, to condemn a form of social organization of which just such behavior is one of the prime symptoms. That accounts for part of my disappointment; the rest comes from the fact that the practice of the good life as described in *The Maple Sugar Book* is in fact quite impractical for most of those who, like the Nearings, are discontented with the civilization in which they find themselves. We can't all go to the woods, and if we did there would be no more pioneering. Pioneering of *this* kind is, in fact, an elite solution. What we want is a way of doing good that does not involve isolating ourselves from society but allows us to remain in it – even better, one that encourages us to do so. The self-seeking of the new consciousness, however satisfying the realization that the individual in America can still strike out on his own (inward if necessary), is clearly not the answer to the problem of the alienated masses and their frustrations, tensions, and deprivations.

Short of the impossible revolution, how can *that* problem be tackled? This is where Gerald Jonas and the Quakers come in. First, because in a quiet and persistent way the AFSC is actually working, as it has been since 1917, in obscure corners of the society, on particular cases which often seem paradigmatic of the root causes of our current distress. The fact that the original focus of its work, and a continuing component of it, supports conscientious objection to war, now appears as a prophetic strength – although this attitude has not always had the popular sympathy it has today. (The AFSC does not exactly seek out unpopular positions; it would be more accurate to say that the popularity or unpopularity of the positions it takes is a matter of total indifference, its chief preoccupation being summed up in the old Quaker maxim "speak truth to power" – whether national power, or black power, or any other kind.) Second, because the Quaker attitude to the problems of society is grounded on beliefs which, while staggering in their simplicity (or, as some people might be inclined to say, simple-mindedness), come to look more and more plausible as practical maxims even in a complex political setting, especially as other more sophisticated views are discredited in the face of their manifest failure to solve anything. The beliefs are in essence two: there is "that of God in everyone," and the pacific teachings of Christ are really practicable in *this* world. It is not enough for people with such convictions merely not to do harm (which is roughly where the Nearings are) but they must positively do good, in accordance with the Christian doctrine they profess to follow.

As Gerald Jonas points out, there is no word in the language capable of giving a neutral description of a person who does good. If Austin and the ordinary-language philosophers are right in maintaining that all significant distinctions are already enshrined in common usage, this must mean that there is no point in even talking about such people. And this fact might be explained in one of two ways: either they are logically impossible, or the class of them is empirically empty. Traditional Christian theology would take the first position: "there is none good save the Father." But the Quakers, while properly called Christians, do not appear to make a great deal of fuss about theology: to recognize "that of God" in other men is not to subscribe to the Apostle's Creed, to follow the teachings of Christ is not to fall sobbing on to the sinner's bench. After reading Jonas's account of the origins and development of Quakerism one is inclined to say that the language does not reflect the existence of straightforward doers of good (with no axe to grind, no zeal for conversion, no secret need for personal salvation through good works) just because there have been too few of them. They have been *statistically* insignificant. Overall – in spite of infamies like the Walking Purchase of 1737 – the practical example set by the Quakers from Colonial Times to the present provides the implausible spectacle of other-worldly good making a success of life in this world.

And why not? Jonas' point, in brief, is this: doing good, when it has been tried on a small scale (the AFSC, for example), has worked. It has not achieved miracles, but it has worked. On the large scale there is no evidence that the adoption of pacifism and humanitarianism as state policies would not work – it has never been given a chance. The American model has been Cotton Mather, reflecting contentedly after an Indian massacre on having "sent six hundred heathen souls to hell," rather than William Penn, addressing the Indians on the injunction of the great God that he and they should "live soberly and kindly together in this world." But at the moment we have, for all the irony of the situation, a Quaker President; what if *he* were to renounce "all outward wars and weapons"? What if every American were to examine himself according to John Woolman's formula: "May we look upon our treasures, the furniture of our houses, and our garments, and try whether the seeds of war have nourishment in these our possessions" – or, we might add, the seeds of discrimination or of poverty? Jonas's implicit contention is that it would be worth trying; and indeed, looking around, one wonders what there would be to lose. It would be good to get out, to go to Vermont and live with trees; it would be even better to stay in the thick of things, to cultivate metaphorically the seeds of future peace and justice. Either, at any rate, would be preferable to defoliation.

Peter Caws

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An Alternative: Indefectibility

Infallible? An Inquiry by Hans Kung

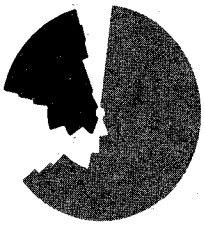
(Doubleday; $5.95)

If Pope Paul VI has been lying awake nights chewing his nails, it's probably because he has been reading this book, which was published in Germany last year. For in it, Hans Küng, perhaps the most gifted and articulate of the younger progressive Catholic theologians, has zeroed in on the basic issue separating Roman Catholics from other Christians: the doctrine of papal infallibility. To state Küng's conclusion as succinctly as he does, the doctrine of infallibility should be abandoned – not softened, not liberalized, not restricted, not "interpreted," but repudiated. The Pope can be wrong, has been wrong and continues to be wrong, so long as he claims that there are circumstances in which he cannot be wrong. The same goes for bishops, Councils, the clergy.

In analyzing the infallible teaching office, Küng points to the recent encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*, in which the Pope reaffirmed the traditional Roman Catholic teaching that artificial means of contraception are intrinsically evil. The encyclical was greeted with shock and surprise by the Catholic world, not only because it was poorly reasoned, negative in tone, and based on obsolete concepts of nature, man and sex but because news had already leaked out to the effect that the Commission appointed to advise the Pope had voted overwhelmingly in favor of significant changes in the Church's teaching on contraception. Küng asserts that the conservatives on the Commission convinced the Pope that he should overrule the majority, not on grounds of substance – the morality of the issue – but on the ground of the Church's teaching authority.

On at least three occasions since 1930, Popes Pius XI and XII had reaffirmed the Church's traditional opposition to contraception. Moreover, the bishops and clergy of the Church had been teaching that same view for centuries. Though the teaching had never been officially defined as dogma, nevertheless it was presumed to be infallible doctrine. Thus if the Pope were to reverse this position, he would be saying, in effect, that the teaching office of the Church is subject to error. Küng maintains the curial conservatives were shrewder than the progressives in seeing that the issue at stake was the Church's teaching authority. But unlike the conservatives, Küng believes that the fundamental doctrine of infallibility must now be called into question.

Papal infallibility was defined as dogma by the First Vatican Council of 1870. For Küng, this act was the culmination of a long process in which Roman Catholicism became more and more centralized, legalistic and authoritarian. In the past, Councils had defined dogma only in order to combat specific heresies that were seen as dangers to the faith. The infallibility decision was made primarily because Pope Pius IX wanted it very badly. The Council was dominated by men who had grown up in the anti-enlightenment, anti-rationalist, anti-revolutionary climate of the early nineteenth century. They were strongly influenced by the ideas of de Maistre and Lammenais who believed that a powerful, disciplined, authoritarian Roman Catholic Church was the only adequate safeguard for traditional European society and culture. Pius IX presented himself as a dedicated Christian persecuted by the forces of modernism: secularism, socialism, liberalism and nationalism. He was even then trying to hold on to the Papal States in the face of Italian unification. If the beloved old man wanted the Council to declare him infallible, then the Council was more than ready to do it. The actual definition of infallibility fell far short of what some enthusiasts aimed for, e.g., the description of the Pope as "Vice-God of mankind." The Pope was defined as infallible only when he speaks *ex cathedra* on a doctrine of faith and morals. Still he is under no obligation to consult the Church or to respect such consultation when it is made. The net result, Küng



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insists, is still total papal absolutism.

If Vatican I was reactionary, defensive and absolutist in its attitude, Vatican II was more open, progressive and committed to reform. Yet, Küng shows, Vatican II's record on the issue of infallibility is thoroughly undistinguished. In essence, Vatican II accepted Vatican I's view of infallibility but insisted on balancing it by affirming that bishops also share in the infallible teaching office under certain conditions, i.e., when they are in accord with one another and with the Pope. While this may look like a liberalization of the doctrine, Küng sees it as quite the opposite, since under this expanded definition, the Church's traditional teaching on contraception becomes infallible teaching even though it has never been defined as such. Vatican II, then, did nothing to challenge the concept of an infallible teaching office. It is this issue which Küng now raises.

Küng concedes that the Church, being a community of faith, needs to state its faith in the form of propositions. But propositions can never state the faith with complete accuracy. Verbal formulas inevitably fall short of reality; they are open to misunderstanding; they are never entirely translatable; they are subject to ideological abuse; they are prone to double-meaning and nonsense, confusion and error. The very notion that propositions can, on principle, be free from error is absurd. So much for infallibility.

But those who insist on the infallibility of the teaching office believe that without it the Church could not maintain the integrity of the historic faith. Besides, the traditionalists ask, what of the biblical promises? Christ promised to be with his Church throughout the ages. He promised that the spirit of truth would lead the Church into all truth.

To this dilemma, Küng proposes an answer. Rather than infallibility, he would prefer to speak of "indefectibility." While particular propositions may not be free from error, they can still point to the truth and not constitute defection from the Church's faith. The Church can – and does – make mistakes, but it can learn from its mistakes. And despite its mistakes, it remains faithful to its Lord.

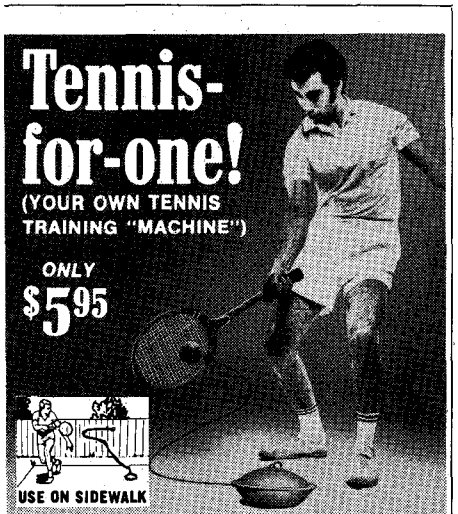
Küng stresses the fact that "indefectibility" is an attribute of the whole Church, not just of the Pope or the bishops or Councils or the clergy as a whole. The traditional teaching views the Pope as the "organ" of infallibility, but lays no demand on him to submit his teaching to the whole Church for judgment. Küng would emphasize the participation of the whole community of faith in the process of understanding and defining truth. The whole Church holds the truth of the Gospel – not as a possession, but as a goal. As Küng puts it, though the Church is not free from error, it is "on the road to truth." Because it is only human, the Church will inevitably make mistakes. But because it is divinely inspired, God will keep it pointed toward the truth in spite of its tendency to err.

If the Catholic Church were able to accept this view of its teaching office, the implications for ecumenism would be profound, for infallibility is the principal obstacle on the road to reunion. Both Protestant and Orthodox Christians could accept Küng's version of the Church's teaching authority. Indeed, Küng's thesis will seem rather commonplace to many Protestants who are familiar with similar arguments going back to the sixteenth century. What is new, of course, is that this position is now being stated by a reputable Roman Catholic theologian – and when last heard from, he was still alive and well and serving in the active ministry of the Catholic Church.

But will Küng's argument get a sympathetic hearing in the Vatican? Will Pope Paul suddenly appear at St. Peter's and confess to the world that We have decided that We are indeed not infallible after all? Not very likely. Those who wield great power seldom relinquish it without a fight. But if *Humanae Vitae* is supposed to declare infallible doctrine, then there are signs that the whole Catholic Church, in its indefectible wisdom, has already begun to reject the infallibility of the teaching office. The U.S. bishops' recent survey of Catholic clergy has revealed that a majority of them repudiate the teaching of *Humanae Vitae*. Their parishioners have been declaring their own opposition – by word and deed – since the day *Humanae Vitae* was promulgated. And one bishop of the Catholic Church, Francis Simons, Bishop of Indore, has gone so far as to publish his own rejection of infallibility in terms as forceful as those of Küng. Apparently the Pope's infallible declarations are no longer being accepted passively by the faithful – either clergy or laity.

Clearly the Roman Catholic Church is on the verge of a serious reconsideration of the doctrine of infallibility, whether the Pope likes it or not. If this is the case, then Hans Küng's contribution is likely to play a significant part in the discussions. He has presented a clear and closely reasoned argument which, despite its technical terminology and broad historical reference, can be read and understood by most educated laymen. He has focused on the key issue and has proposed a responsible solution that commends itself to people of intelligence and sensitivity both within and without the Church. He offers a formula for a major breakthrough to a new self-understanding for the Roman Catholic Church. The rejection of infallibility, long overdue, could lead to a Church committed to the historic faith and convinced that it can maintain that faith in its integrity, but still willing to admit its own capacity for error and distortion. That is asking quite a lot of the Roman Catholic Church – and of the Pope. But even the Pope must sooner or later come to see that only a Church that is able to recognize and affirm its own humanity can maintain its credibility in the modern world.

Earl H. Brill



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"The Collapse Yet to Come"

West of the Rockies
by Daniel Fuchs

(Knopf; $5.95)

Daniel Fuchs has become two legends in his lifetime. One, he is supposed to be a "lost" author. Fuchs's three Brooklyn novels, published in the '30s, are thought by some to be neglected masterpieces. Two, he is supposed to be a classic example of talent ruined by Hollywood. In the late '30s he went out there and, except for some stories, has written only scripts-to-order since. (Academy Award in 1955 for *Love Me or Leave Me.*)

Neither legend seems valid. I read the novels – *Summer in Williamsburg, Homage to Blenholt,* and *Low Company* – when they were republished in one volume in 1961, and I agree with Stanley Edgar Hyman that "although they are very well worth reading . . . Fuchs was never quite bold *enough* . . . never achieved a firm center for his sprawling natural history." Legend Two is disproved by the appearance of *West of the Rockies,* which is pretty much on a level with the fiction he wrote thirty-five years ago. Allowing for changes made by time and experience, this new short novel is Fuchs continued, unruined, as he was before the Hollywood decades.

The film world is the setting. The two chief characters are an agent and a (female) star. Here are the very last words of the book, which tell us that everything we have just read took place

> some twelve years ago, when television was comparatively new and the big picture studios still throbbed, the collapse yet to come, the people enmeshed in their concerns, those pursuits, dreams, and diversions which occupy us so that we are each of us precious to ourselves and wouldn't exchange ourselves, the being in us, with any other, those wonderful moments which as they happen go by almost unnoticed but which return again and again in our thoughts to bemuse and warm us, the stir of smoking mountain panoramas, the ache of sweet summer days, of trees in leaf, of being in love, this prize, this treasure, this phantom life.

I've quoted at length because this sentence sums up so much of Fuchs's intent, virtues, and strain. He knows the facts of Hollywood, but his interest is in the demons beneath them. The action is seen throughout in a sort of sad trance: Fuchs looks at the details, then changes focus so that the facts become figurative. He has a humane gift – not facile compassion but the ability to put the ephemeral into phrases that, paradoxically, fix their ephemeralness. ("The stir of smoking mountain panoramas.")

And yet there is a suspicion, in the above and through the book, that he is trying to *write* himself out of superficiality and into depth; a belief that, by adding, he deepens; that by working up to easy magic words ("phantom life") he casts a retroactive glow of poetry. Some of the writing is beautiful, but the book's depth is questionable. The lovely phrases, the sharp percepts, as they occur, are almost like reminders to him and us that this is not just more Hollywood fiction, this is serious.

This weakness of fundamental ground comes largely, I think, from Fuchs's failure to characterize his two principals. They remain outlines, and the gravity of the work suffers. Burt Claris, the agent, is described but not realized. An ex-athlete, with a rich young wife but an empty marriage, a *Luftmensch* leg-man for a big agency – all the data are there for a latter-day Fitzgerald character. But Claris is muzzy and obscure: we feel little that he feels, we don't share his thinking as it is thought. There is a kind of fiction (the *New Yorker* has lots of it) in which data-recital is equated with creation. Claris suffers from that false equation; and suffers, too, from Fuchs's uncertainty about viewpoint. The angle of vision often shifts arbitrarily, as with equivocal film editing,

Cry from the Cotton

The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and the New Deal

by DONALD H. GRUBBS

Introduction by
DEWEY W. GRANTHAM, JR.

Before its demise in the mid-forties, the STFU learned many lessons of value to those concerned with social reform. Founded in Arkansas in 1934, the union was based on Southern fundamentalist and populist traditions and won the popular support of both black and white workers—and in the process showed that racism can be overcome in the pursuit of common goals. Also by bringing the plight of the sharecroppers to national attention the STFU inspired the formation of the New Deal's Farm Security Administration.

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and makes Claris more of an observer than an agonist.

The star, Adele Hogue, has a good deal more certification, but even she seems an amalgam of Fuchs's experiences, rather than a person. Hogue is much-married, very big box-office but slightly on the skids, and has walked off the set of an expensive production. She has fled to a desert hotel, where most of the action occurs, with her three children. Claris has been sent to bring her back because he gets on all right with her – in fact, sometimes sleeps with her. (Such are professional qualifications.) She explains, at one point, why she fled:

> "If I could do the work, if I could get myself on the set, I wouldn't be here in the first place, did that ever occur to you?" she said, lashing at him. . . . "You have to go in like a bank robber."

That last line, I would bet, is not invented. But her talk about her work and her beginnings and her marriages and affairs and nervous exhaustion, here and there suggesting Lana Turner and Ava Gardner and others, adds up to a blend rather than a human being. Some of her dialogue doesn't help. ("Everybody around here is so broad-beamed and phlegmatic. They lay there with their aplomb, getting their perfect, even suntans.") Overall there's the sense that Fuchs is struggling to create a prototype. Hogue is always a symbol without becoming a woman.

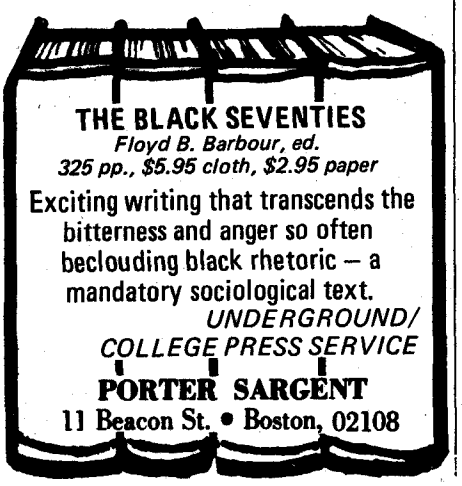
With Claris and Hogue both dim, the book floats unsteadily, a conscious allegory, and the recurrent irony in fiction recurs again here: the minor characters are clearer than the principals – Fannie Case, the diamond-fingered woman who owns the hotel, Harry Case, her quasi-criminal husband who too has been a lover of Hogue's, Robert Wigler the producer who drifts through the story, resigned to doom.

The idea of the novel is that two lives, just beginning to decline, join together as they reach the beginning of the downgrade. Claris's marriage breaks up, and his agency fires him (because he has failed with Hogue). Hogue is running out of "bank-robber" guts, is showing the effect of the years of star-life demands. The two careers combine, as the waverings start, when she holds a press conference at the end to announce her engagement to Claris. (Incidentally, the book's jacket-copy flatly misstates the resolution.)

It's a story of attrition and calm, of professional ravage and the shaky, shaken calm behind it. As a fiction chronicle of the film world, it tells us little that we haven't learned from West and Fitzgerald or, on a lower level, from Budd Schulberg and Gavin Lambert. Its attempt to convert the studio whirl into the motions of the cosmos is far below that of the masterpiece in that genre, Isherwood's *Prater Violet*. After all its use in fiction, the studio has now become like the college campus, a setting more meaningful to those who spend their lives there than to others.

Yet Fuchs is sufficiently overwhelmed by what he has seen in the past thirty years, the stench of power and murder is so strong in his nostrils, that he makes us pay heed. He has a comprehension of pain and some reticence about it, so we read his book as the often vivid manifest of the better book he did not write. For me, that was also true of the work he did on the other side of his Hollywood years.

Stanley Kauffmann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Cheers for the Physical

The Aesthetics of Pornography by Peter Michelson

(Herder and Herder; $7.50)

Certainly it's high time we had a serious attempt to understand the cultural, social and moral implications of pornography in contemporary life. As Peter Michelson observes, "Being everywhere – billboards, magazines, novels, poems, television, museums and so on – we cannot ignore it. We are obliged to accept it as a fact of our cultural life, and let it tell us as much as it can." For those who take their porn in high solemnity, Michelson may well have supplied the desired book; the skeptical will more likely regard it as enterprising, but overzealous in its claims and soporific in its academicism – proof, if further were needed, that pornography can be a bore.

But the bore is Michelson's prose, not his ideas, which are expansive and novel. Pornography is "not simply a cultural aberration but . . . a complex expression of human imagination, humanistically vital enough to have its own poetics." Pornography, he says, "like any literature, is a way of knowing," the dark side of art in which truth is pursued through the perception of the ugly: ". . . the aesthetics of pornography refer to those theories of 'beauty' that incorporate the pornographic and its companion the obscene."

In order to attribute redeeming social and literary virtues to pornography, Michelson stretches the definition of it, regarding it "in its broadest and best sense as the literature of sexuality." This he calls "complex or artistic pornography," a genre which he elaborately distinguishes from "hard-core" (*The Autobiography of a Flea*) and "soft-core" (*The Valley of the*

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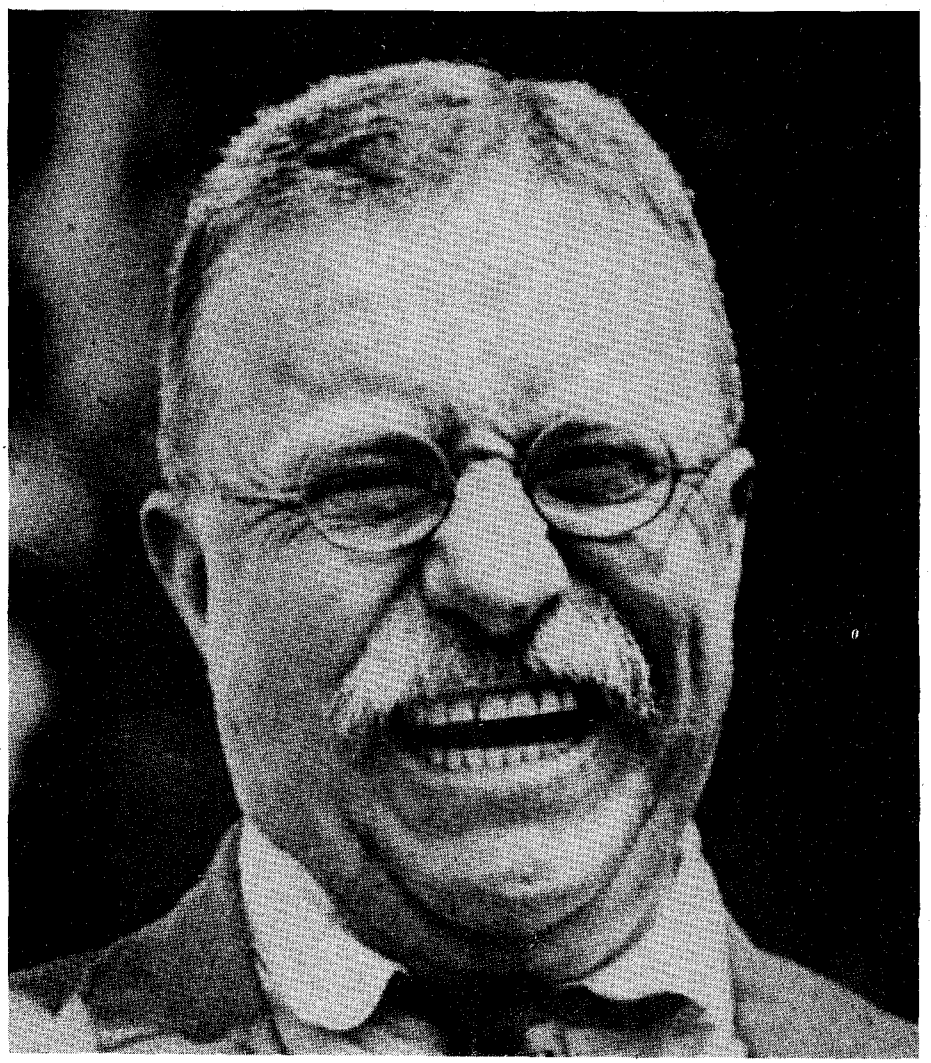

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Dolls), the distinction being that it is "a rhetorical agency of moral understanding."

That "obscenity . . . no less than beauty helps articulate the truth" may be an unsettling proposition, but Michelson makes a good case. Idealism and sentimentalism, he says, represent an "attempt to idealize the passions and often to deny their physicality altogether." Pornography, on the other hand, "has become the principal rhetoric of attack on this ethos," a vehicle through which we acknowledge, come to terms with and ultimately celebrate the sexuality our culture has so carefully denied:

> The ethical implication of this is that the society that can learn to accept its nakedness can also learn, by analogous vision, to conduct itself more sanely. And, to more effectively make that point, it has developed a new aesthetic.

The conclusion is sound, I suspect; the denial and repression of sexual passion tend to divorce us from reality and perhaps to contribute to the unfettering of other more violent – and thus more "obscene" – passions. The open and honest acknowledgement of human fallibility is devoutly to be wished for, and Michelson is surely right that "the rhythm of expectation and frustration which marks our sexual lives" is much an aspect of that fallibility. It must be conceded to him, into the bargain, that the "best" pornography – *The Story of O, Fanny Hill, Portnoy's Complaint* – explores sexuality's "moral and psychic implications" with wit and skill.

But Michelson fails to prove that pornography is *necessary* to such moral and psychic explorations. If one is willing to accept his sweeping definition of pornography, then one will accept the argument. But if one accepts the old-fashioned definition of pornography, as I do, he will feel otherwise. For all his ingenuity, Michelson does not rewrite the dictionary. Pornography is not, whatever he may say, "the literature of sexuality." There is, in fact, as yet no such thing – unless one agrees to lump together under the umbrella of "pornography" such disparate interpreters of sexuality as Juvenal, Fielding, de Sade, Twain, Lawrence, Nabokov and Roth. Pornography is merely one aspect of sexual literature. That it has literary validity which far transcends its essentially exploitative nature may be entirely true. But it is dirty pool to depict, as Michelson does, the occasional sexual passages in Faulkner or the frequent ones in Lawrence as pornography – unless the word has utterly lost its meaning. Pornography is, as the dictionary says, "intended to incite lascivious feelings." Michelson does not satisfactorily demonstrate that the genre's literary pretensions can be assessed on any more elevated plane.

But that does not mean that pornography is dangerous, and Michelson's testimony to that effect usefully complements the report of the obscenity commission. As he says, "Pornography is the very weakest kind of social threat that we confront. . . . Do we really believe that humanity can be threatened by *Fanny Hill*?" That more and more of us do not is given ample testimony by the increase in public sex and the merely sporadic complaint against it. Michelson is probably right that such acceptance of sexuality is a sign of national maturity, but I wish he wouldn't be so solemn about it.

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Manual for Survival

This Endangered Planet: Prospects and Proposals for Human Survival by Richard A. Falk

(Random House; $8.95)

The Albert G. Milbank Professor of International Law and Practice at Princeton University, from his title a pillar of the Establishment, has written a radical and realistic manual for human survival. He writes at one point: "The Bible is filled with tales about unheeded prophets who accurately warned societies and their leaders about imminent disaster." One hopes that societies and their leaders around the world take heed of this prophet, whose message, while urgent, is delivered unstridently and bolstered by scholarly evidence from such a wide range of fields as to suggest that Falk, like Harold D. Lasswell, has become a one-man interdisciplinary committee.

The argumentation is complex but the theme is simple: "The human danger is brought on by human activity." Chief among these activities is procreation. People pollution is the base for all the other pollutions that plague us. The other principal human activities that threaten human existence are diagnosed and prescribed for: the war system of sovereign nation-states, the

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depletion of natural resources, and the deterioration of the environment. Falk's contribution, unique so far as I know, is to bring them all together and to show their *interconnectedness* (his italics): "not only in the banal sense that everything is connected with everything else, but in the fundamental respect that these issues cannot be successfully treated as separate and separable. In essence, the threats are all outgrowths of the underlying circumstance of a *mismanaged environment* that is an inevitable result of a defective set of *political institutions*."

World-wide problems cannot adequately be coped with by sovereign states: new organizational forms of planetary scope – not necessarily, or even desirably, he states, world government – are needed. Two central chapters are called "World Order Today: The Quest for Stability," and "Beyond Deterrence: The Quest for World Peace." The implication of the contrasting sub-titles is neither ironic nor unintentional: Falk makes it clear that the prevention of collective violence is not the chief priority of every nation or society today.

It is the essence of Falk's book that a drastic systems change is possible without violence. He builds a political model of a cooperative system of world order and describes a set of transition strategies that might bring it into being. He does not avoid the difficulties, including one that looms large in the vision of any observer of the present status of war/peace research: "our government takes seriously, pays well, and encourages scholars . . . to think coolly about when, how, and whether to use nuclear weapons, and expects them not to blink at the prospect."

Although Falk himself uses the word "model" in reference to his preferred world, it is not a static future that he sees: rather, a process, a series of possibilities, a heuristic exercise in which favorable tendencies are reinforced and disadvantageous ones discouraged, all by human effort. The preferred outcome is far from assured: the penultimate chapter is called "Two Images of the Future," the first of which, "The future as projected from the present," leads (by decades) to the politics of despair, the politics of desperation, and the politics of catastrophe; the second, "The future – as a response to the endangered planet," leads to the decade of awareness, the decade of mobilization, and the decade of transformation. By the year 2001, then, we have not a space odyssey but a world somewhere between two asymptotes: an era of annihilation and an era of world harmony. Falk does not predict which is more likely. He does predict that it will be the first rather than the second unless we bestir ourselves: the last chapter is called "The Personal Imperative." History remains to be made by people: "We have no very reliable way of distinguishing between what is and is not possible in the future. Therefore, if we are convinced that certain changes are both *desirable* and *necessary*, then it is worth working for these changes up to the level of our capacities."

Falk's preferred world is a steady state: following René Dubos, he argues that ecological constraints demand that we curb population and technological growth. In short, the old American virtues associated with "progress" may be our downfall. The chapter "Designing a New World Order System" emphasizes flexibility and openness to new ideas: possible structures for the future include aspects of federalism, functionalism, transnationalism, national reform ("the initial task of the world-order redesigner is to demythologize the state"), and subnational militancy (fragmentation within the state helps break up the state system, and leads to a less violent world-order system).

In short, Falk is full of ideas. His aim is not to outline a Utopia but to deal with the fact that "human civilization is pushing up against the limits of the earth's carrying capacity."

This is a long book: 445 pages of text, 16 pages of notes, 12 of charts, 10 of references for further reading (including such disparate but always relevant aids to understanding as Joseph Heller's *Catch 22*, Robert McNamara's *The Essence of Security*, Herbert York's *Race to Oblivion*, and Charles Yost's quietly revolutionary book, *The Insecurity of Nations*, in which a career Foreign Service Officer concludes that the precepts of US foreign policy are inadequate to keep the peace), two pages of suggestions for individual "Continuing Action," and nine pages of index. It is densely argued and by its nature somewhat repetitious. But it's worth the sustained attention, and the price, it requires.

Charles G. Bolte

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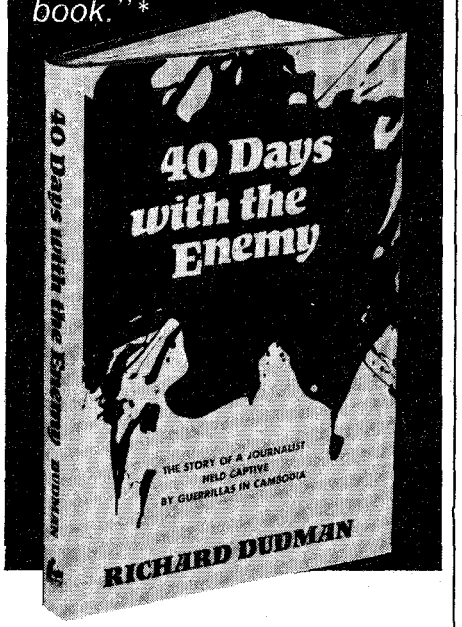

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Television

The Invasion

On Sunday, May 2, I watched Dartmouth smash Yale at rugby (Eastern Educational Network). After the game the players shook hands and bagpipes squeaked. The Hartford Cup, which was news to me, was marched down the field in the hands of a chap in spotted pants, and presented to the winners. Then Amherst smashed Wesleyan and received the Simsbury Cup.

Before rugby I had watched three successive half hours of punditing, with the Democrats edging out the Republicans two to one, to the tune of no bagpipes. First, "Face the Nation" went Republican, with Kansas Senator Dole, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, knocking off Muskie and McCloskey and announcing, to the astonishment of his questioners, that Nixon would end the war in 1971 (he defined "end" as a "virtual end to American casualties"). Then "Meet the Press" went Democratic with Allard Lowenstein, now chairman of ADA, remarking that Nixon is making "the last President look credible," as did "Issues and Answers" with old faithful Senator Fulbright.

Nobody shook hands on these shows, and the questioners in all cases did their level best to be unfriendly – but rugby still seemed the rougher game. The electioneering season has hardly begun; no cups will be awarded for many months. The subject of the war is so tired that something rather like a scrum (I thought, yawning) is needed to sharpen everybody's view of it.

Scrums a-plenty were provided, however, bright and early the next morning by the traffic-blocking demonstrators in Washington, DC – and this time I could watch the show live out my office window. TV will never replace real flesh and blood being herded along streets and sidewalks by cops on motorized scooters while the helicopters go thwack thwack overhead. I couldn't stay inside but had to walk up the block to Dupont Circle, where some of the best scrums occurred, and let my eyes pan around at the circle of jeeps (all the way *around* Dupont Circle, as if it were being attacked by Indians), at the debris and broken glass, at the endless blue jeans. What I had trouble with was the faces – though TV could not have done any better – because they were contradictory, they weren't clearly fighting for the Big Green or Blue. Some were angry and surly, some relaxed and to hell with it. A good many were muffling nose and mouth, though no tear gas had been released in the immediate neighborhood. Some were anxious to insult the local citizenry – for crossing the picket line? – and to fold, mutilate and spindle everything in sight; while others were ostentatiously affable – I thought maybe they would offer me chewing gum. What I *did* suddenly sense – and this was surely what the TV vision of our sad internecine rugby will never reveal – was that these demonstrators had found themselves, though perhaps temporarily, a genuinely new life. They were not the students they had been a few days earlier, they were not the chillun borrowing the family car for an outing (though many of them had in fact done that); they were not even the demonstrators of earlier marches with their signs and rock concerts. Suddenly they felt themselves all minted fresh by the activity of disruption; they looked totally sprung from their pasts. Bands of them roved up and down blocking streets intermittently (no block would hold for long, but even thirty seconds produces a memorable confrontation), and as they passed my imaginary camera I had the eery feeling that they were invaders from another country. Presumably they would all be back at home and school again in a few days – or would they? Meanwhile the helicopters passed over, thwack, thwack. A friend observed that perhaps what was new here was the end of the hippie movement. Whatever it was it was marked by a strangeness and estrangement that has not, I think, been apparent before between demonstrator and man-on-the-street. Right outside my window a panel truck and a sedan were suddenly halted by the demonstrators who peered in at the drivers through the windshields – and the drivers peered out – as if the Martians were suddenly meeting the earthmen.

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One of the demonstrators scribbled something with soap on the panel truck windshield, several demonstrators shouted and jeered, the police moved in, and strangers on both sides went their separate ways.

Sedulus

Correspondence

Gravy Train

Sirs:

There are a number of unfair statements in the comment, "Gravy Train," in the April 24 issue. I have no doubt that there was a time when the majority of the American people were uninterested in which companies might be major defense contractors, but to conclude that who-got-what was a "secret" requires one to ignore the fact that this information was regularly inserted in the *Congressional Record*, that most major newspapers from time-to-time carried lists on their financial pages of major contractors together with the dollar value of the awards, and that many readily available trade papers and magazines published detailed analyses when the major appropriation bills were before the Congress.

Furthermore, to condemn a company because it built, say, fuse assemblies begs the fundamental question. In the 1950s and 1960s, the question was which weapons system shall we build, not should we build weapons systems. Bulova might have decided not to participate in this business, but it would not have meant that the fuse assemblies would not have been built. It would have meant that the Bulova officials would have faced very serious questions from their stockholders at the next annual meeting. If they had persisted in such a policy so out of step with the desires of their stockholders and with the general public opinion at that time, Bulova would have soon found itself with a new set of officials, and the fuse assemblies would still be built. This same situation obtained throughout American industry at that time.

To cite dollar contract awards without citing related costs to the companies of obtaining contracts makes it difficult for anyone to evaluate the significance of the figures that were cited. I can give any number of examples from my own experience of unrecovered costs of bidding on jobs. When I was with a major computer manufacturer, we bid on two major contracts which eventually were awarded to other companies. The unrecovered costs on the first proposal were slightly over $800,000 and, on the second, about $490,000 – a loss of $1,290,000. In order to break even, it would be necessary to win a proposal for a contract with a value of $21,500,000. This is due to military procurement regulations which, in general, limit profits to *no more than* 6%. There is not a company in the military-industrial complex that has not incurred similar costs in its military business.

I too regret that the *Defense Industry Bulletin* is no longer being distributed, but the information it contained is still readily available in the trade papers, in the newspapers, and from any number of congressional sources. Future researchers really need not be faced with the task of going through the *Commerce Business Daily* although it is an invaluable means of finding out what is being purchased throughout the government, not only in DOD.

The highpoint in the comment, however, was the inclusion of McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed in a list of companies profiting from the war in Indochina. McDonnell was saved from bankruptcy by its merger with Douglas, and it is not yet clear that Lockheed is going to avoid bankruptcy. Some gravy train!

Harlan H. Vinnedge
Arlington, Va.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

EARL H. BRILL *is the Episcopal Chaplain and professorial lecturer in American Studies at The American University.* CHARLES G. BOLTE *is with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.* PETER CAWS *teaches philosophy at Hunter College.* JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor of the* Greensboro Daily News.

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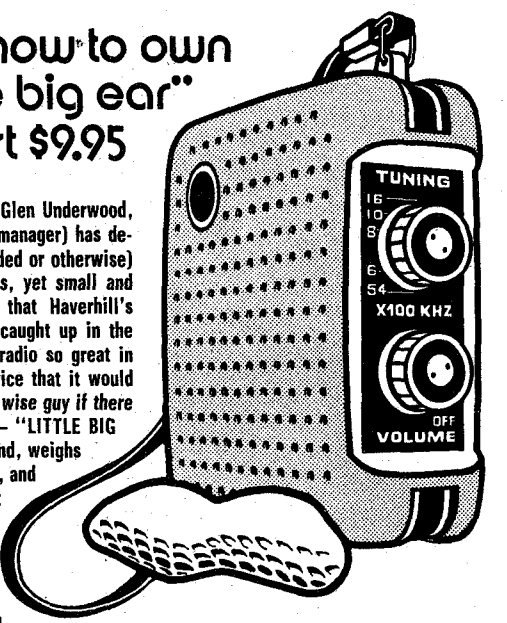

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Vietnam Elections

Sirs:

The May 1 *New Republic* article, "One for Thieu," declares that the Vietnam Elections Project, and others who believe that the upcoming Vietnamese elections could increase the chances of an early Vietnam peace, are "betting on the wrong horse." Let us present our case:

The Vietnam Elections Project strongly supports the congressional resolution proposed by Senator Adlai Stevenson, requiring the United States to cease support of the reelection efforts of any South Vietnamese political faction. Stevenson's proposal would establish a Congressional Commission, supported by a Vietnamese-speaking staff, to monitor US involvement in the Vietnamese elections. We agree fully with *The New Republic* that the US must "cut loose" from Vietnam. Supporters of the Stevenson resolution – Senators Mansfield, McGovern, Hughes, Bayh, Church, Kennedy, and Muskie – are all leading spokesmen for rapid US withdrawal.

These senators realize that withdrawal *alone* will not end this war. The present troop withdrawal policy may end the killing of Americans, but the "Vietnamized" war will go on. And *the US will be responsible for imposing on the people of Vietnam both a war and a government they do not want.* Yet, peace could come to Vietnam if the US lets the Vietnamese people settle their war.

All the members of the Vietnam Elections Project are former civilian AID officers in Vietnam. Most Vietnamese, in our experience, want to end this war. Popular election of Vietnamese leaders who reflect this desire could bring this war to a rapid conclusion – if the elections are fair enough.

We knew few Vietnamese who believed that their coming elections will be honest. Most Vietnamese think that the chief reason for election "results" counter to the will of the majority of the Vietnamese people would be US support for a military faction opposed to a political compromise settlement. Yet relatively "fair" elections could happen: even in the Vietnamese senatorial elections of August 30, 1970, the Buddhist-endorsed, anti-Thieu, militantly pro-peace slate of candidates headed by Vu Van Mau decisively topped the status-quo, pro-war slate headed by former general Huynh Van Cao.

Whatever the outcome of the Vietnamese lower house elections this August and presidential elections this October, Senator Stevenson's proposal could be useful. As he observes, "by lessening the advantage which even the appearance of US support gives to the existing regime, this resolution may encourage the present government of Vietnam to heed the desire of the people for peace and reconciliation. It could create the climate in which a negotiated settlement is possible, and in which all American forces could be withdrawn more quickly than might otherwise be possible."

The Vietnam Elections Project urges *The New Republic* to support the speedy implementation of the Stevenson resolution.

Theodore Jacqueney
Coordinator, Vietnam Elections Project

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Calley and Impeachment

Sirs:

May I add a postscript to your Calley piece? ("Calley and Company," April 10) You said: "Most people in the country probably agree with Latimer," Calley's attorney, who rationalized the horrors at Mylai.

True, there was immediate reaction that supported Calley and seemed to condone what he did. But there has been a delayed reaction – just as massive, our letters suggest – in support of the jury.

In interviews throughout Wisconsin I found this to be the most common reaction: Calley got what he deserved. No one should kill defenseless women and children under any circumstances. But how can a single, insignificant man be solely responsible for this? And the this, gentlemen, is not merely Mylai, but the entire war. If that, indeed, is the most popular reaction, I find hope for the country. Americans always have shown sympathy for the little man, and that is not a bad quality.

Furthermore, the overwhelming sentiment to get out of Indochina is encouraging. Once convinced that the war indeed was a horrible mistake, the people of this state – and most Americans, I believe – have reacted honestly.

James W. McCulla
Reporter
The Milwaukee Journal

Sirs:

As an attorney, I quite agree with Richard A. Falk's argument ("Why Impeachment," May 1), that there is ample legal foundation for a bill of impeachment based upon the commission of war crimes in Indochina under both the Nuremberg Principles and the 1907 Hague Convention. However, as a political scientist, I would argue strongly against such a course.

Public reaction to the recent decision in the Calley case should warn us that there is no necessary correlation between illegal acts committed in wartime and willingness of the American people to admit to themselves that such acts merit strict punishment. The impeachment of the President would not, as Mr. Falk suggests, bring repentance to the White House. It would, on the contrary, probably trigger uncontrollable public reaction in support of the President, with the result that the war and its attendant crimes would not end but be buttressed with new emotional backing.

Robert McGeehan
Assistant Professor of Political Science,
City University of New York and Member of the N.J. Bar

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Educational Alternatives

Sirs:

Louis Coxe's elitist attack on educational reform in his review of Harold Taylor's "How to Change Colleges: Notes on Radical Reform" (April 24) disturbs me because of its implicit assumption that any sort of educational innovation is doomed from the start since education is "an imperfect endeavor entered into by imperfect human beings in an imperfect world." . . . Are we then to accept the terrible morass that our colleges are in and lay the blame solely on that "Old Adam" in each of us? I think not. We need more educational innovation, not less, and most of all we need to support those of our colleagues who have the courage, initiative, and imagination to bring about changes. Mr. Coxe seems to be speaking to us from the 19th century when he tells us that the function of education is to "civilize" and that a university is a "place where a man can bring mind and imagination to bear . . . on what minds and imaginations have made." Ah for the good old days! When a man could debate the relative merits of Pope and Dryden and not be concerned with such clearly peripheral matters as war, and hunger, and poverty, and pollution. "Civilize for what?" is what our young people are asking, and the answers don't come easy. . . . Harold Taylor's book provides no easy solutions, but it does suggest some alternatives to the degree-mill syndrome that characterizes our American universities today.

Fred Moramarco
San Diego, Calif.

Correction

The New Republic regrets that on page 9 of the April 24, 1971 issue, in an article entitled "Gravy Train" concerning the alleged participation in war contract production by certain consumer goods companies, it cited a finding of the Council on Economic Priorities that the Waltham Watch Company is one of the firms producing war-related materials. The Council has acknowledged its error. The Waltham Watch Company, with headquarters in Chicago, produces only watches, clocks and jewelry for consumer use and has no war material business. The Council confused Waltham Watch Company with Waltham Industries of New York, a non-related firm which may engage in defense contracts.

THE EDITORS

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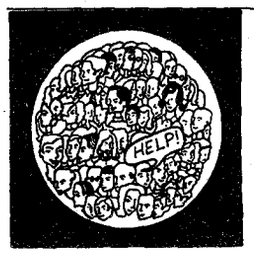

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BOOMING AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Keep your U.S. citizenship. New Australian Handbook describing free passage, employment opportunities, business, farming, teaching etc. $1.00. Employment Directories: Australian businesses $1.00. U.S. businesses there $1.00. All three $2.00. Buckeye, Box 1032NH, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

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LONDON—secretaries, typists, send 30¢, Miss Liberty, 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212, add 30¢ for work/study literature.

HIGHER EDUCATION; SECONDARY EDUCATION; SOCIAL - ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT. New approach. Comprehensive. Current. Nationwide. Directories of Positions. All fields. Write Intercept-Sociocom, Box 317, Harvard Square P.O., Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

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SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Swimming, sports. Modern comfort; excellent library; Swiss cuisine. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, NH 03877. Tel. Conway 603-447-2818.

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WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21, JFY, Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Greenery

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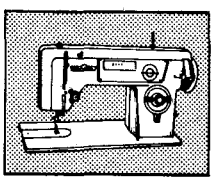

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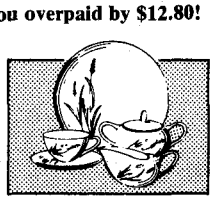

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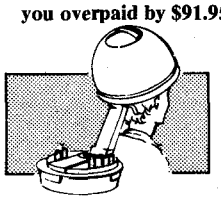

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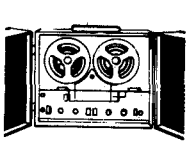

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For the past 10 years, Unity Buying Service has been battling inflation. **And we've found the way to win.** A simple, proven way that puts an end to the padded prices you've been paying for almost everything you buy. A way that is so successful, it can save hundreds, even thousands of dollars a year for each of the more than 400,000 people who have already joined us in our fight. **This is your invitation to join.**

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Guaranteed First Quality National Brands

Everything you order from Unity is brand new, nationally recognized, first quality merchandise in original factory cartons. Everything is guaranteed to please you . . . you must be completely satisfied, or simply return the item for exchange or full refund. All catalog items are stocked in our own modern warehouse where your orders are filled and shipped immediately. (Only exceptions are a few extra heavy or special order items.) You deal directly with Unity—and only Unity—at all times.

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